Week ending December 13 1952
Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL

CECIL McGIVERN PUTS NEW LIFE INTO TV

A frank profile
by Wilfred Greatorex

THE SINGER, NOT THE SONG

Magnificent novel by
Audrey Erskine Lindop

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It is good fuel to use in an open fire or an openable heating stove, mixed with your ordinary house coal. It is perfect for banking up your fire at night or when you are going out. It is particularly useful in a modern continuous burning grate.

Order as much as you like
You can buy it from your own or any other coal merchant and you can have as much as you like all through this winter. But don't wait till all your ordinary coal allowance is finished before you buy Nutty Slack. Order your Nutty Slack this week in time for Christmas. Use it with your ordinary house coal and make sure you get through the winter in comfort.

Nutty Slack

will help to keep the home fires burning however cold and long the winter

A large-scale enquiry carried out this year for the Coal Utilisation Council shows that:—

1. 98 out of every 100 families in Great Britain have a coal fire of some sort in their main living room.
2. 84 out of every 100 families have no other way of heating that room.
3. 44 out of every 100 families say they need more coal than they are allowed.

Nutty Slack will help

EDITORIAL

That sea-food!

THE cut in the meat ration from 2s. worth to 1s. 8d. is sending up the demand for fish—and, no doubt, the price. And the ban by the fish trade on Icelandic imports could mean the loss of more than 50,000 tons a year.

So the price is likely to go up further still.

Is all this really inevitable?

MISS ELAINE BURTON, M.P., says it is not. Addressing a meeting called by the fishmongers of Coventry, she said:

"In May and June, 1,500,000 tons of fish remained unsold at 4d. a pound at the ports. Yet at inland shops housewives were paying 1s. 2d. There should be a minimum price fixed at the ports by an independent body and a maximum price at the shops. Middlemen should operate between the two.

"There are far too many in the middle at the moment —a thousand port wholesalers in Grimsby and Hull."

BUT the fish trade has its answer. Says an official of the National Federation of Fishmongers: "The price of fish is admittedly two and a quarter times higher than prewar, but our costs have gone up four and a half times.

MISS BURTON
Facts for fishmongers . . .

"The 14,000 fishmongers in this country do not want to put high prices on their wares, but we have to make fivepence on every customer before even our increased overheads are covered.

"There is no way of fixing a maximum selling price without the evils we experienced when it was controlled during the war: the trawlers bring in the worst fish, leaving the more difficult but tastier catches alone. As for the number of wholesalers, they are necessary in the summer when large catches have to be handled quickly."

The only solution to high prices the trade has to offer is—"Eat More Fish." Then the price might come down.

IT is no new problem. Before the war the Sea Fish Commission estimated that fish roughly doubled in cost on its way from the port to the consumer, even without allowing for wastage or filleting.

Now the White Fish Authority is investigating costings.

According to Miss Burton, financial conditions will be found which smell as high as some of the fish.

According to the industry, it is doing its best with supplies which are irregular and perishable.

Meanwhile the fish queues await the facts. If there is even a hint of unjustified profits on this essential food, prompt action will be expected.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

ALTHOUGH not a mother herself, Molly Moss is no stranger to toyshops. In search of a present for a friend's child she got the idea for this cover painting of Hamley's, the famous London toyshop. She sketched the customers from life, then photographed the interior with an old box camera. It was closing time on a Christmas rush day, and the last of the ten thousand customers were trying to persuade their children to leave.

Ask for 'M & D' Cream Crackers.
Oven-fresh in hygienic half-pound packets with transparent tops. See what you buy!
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Here's Golden Goodness for your family...

Children love Sunny Spread—its sweet golden goodness will brighten their breakfast and start them off well on another lively day. And what a treat for tea-time too!

SUNNY SPREAD

children love it

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Portrait of a Man Who Knows . . .

Most men don't know what they are going to get for Christmas. But this one obviously does. Just look at his expression of smug satisfaction. Someone is going to buy him Stanley Tools—lucky fellow!—and he knows that their fine quality and finish make them natural choices for craftsmen and handymen alike. See them at your local tool dealers—packed in attractive Gift Boxes ready for giving.

EXCHANGE YOUR N.F.I. GIFT TOKEN FOR STANLEY TOOLS

STANLEY TOOLS MAKE IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFTS

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A pleasure to give and to own—serving you faithfully with its "press down—light up" automatic action—from 18/6.
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POLO LIGHTERS 88 Crawford Street, London, W.1
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Free Speech

When conscience nags

A NEIGHBOUR of mine lives in a small block of flats of which he is the landlord. The tenants (mostly elderly people) are, of course, covered by the Rent Restrictions Act, but, by vague threats, the landlord has frightened them into paying ten shillings more than the controlled rent—"voluntarily, to cover repairs, etc." The rents are collected by a clerk in the landlord's office, but the "toll" money is collected by the landlord himself. His clerk tells me that it is not declared in his employer's income tax returns.

What should I do? The landlord is cheating the Inland Revenue. I am reluctant to become a "snooper," but if I informed the tax authorities he would have to pay tax on all the extra money he has collected, and the Exchequer would benefit.—R. M., London, E.

A La Carte

NOT all tortoises ("Free Speech," November 22) are vegetarians. My brother has one which eats raw or cooked meat, bacon, fish roe, sweets, jelly, custard and ice cream. He was stopped the other day from eating cotton-wool. The tortoise and the cats eat together from the same dish.—MRS. C. DONE, Millfield Crescent, Newburn, Northumberland.

Growing Up

GIRLS in their teens are frequently criticized for wearing make-up, yet I find that those who use cosmetics are inclined to be more adult and better behaved than those who do not. I know one sixteen-year-old who is not allowed to make up. Her greatest delight is to make as much noise as she can by jumping down the stairs like a child. Her mother does not seem to understand that a little powder would help to make her daughter realize that she is growing up.—MISS J. S., Huddersfield, Yorks.

Swan Call

EVERY day at mealtimes the wild swan in this photograph flies from the River Stour, near our home, and taps with its beak on the dining-room window. It began to call regularly after we had fed it with bread and potatoes. Now it prefers to eat from our hands instead of from the ground, and enjoys a drink as well.—P. VAN AS, Stour House, Fordwich, Canterbury, Kent.

Smoke At Home

THE facts and figures of Arnold Marsh's campaign for a sunnier Britain (JOHN BULL, November 22) should be issued to every household. My home is cleaner, the family's health is better, and expenses have been greatly reduced, since we ceased using coal for domestic purposes. But Arnold Marsh should study the effects of his pipe-smoking on the furniture, curtains, cushions and pictures in his home.—MRS. MARY HARPER, Wilton Mansions, Wilton Street, Glasgow.

. . . What's the alternative to open fires? And what type of fire has Arnold Marsh got in *his* home. I'll warrant it's the open coal type.—A. L. PARSONS, Whitesmocks Avenue, Durham.

Arnold Marsh replies: 1. Tobacco-smoking can be a nuisance, but it is a private problem compared with the pollution of the outside air. 2. Dead wrong. I have not used raw coal in my home from the day I was married nearly twenty years ago. I have a modern stove in the living-room, a smokeless fuel open fire in the dining-room, a hot water boiler using smokeless fuel, and gas and electricity for occasional use.

The Boy Who Was Old Enough

a dramatic new story

by STUART CLOETE

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

Plumb Awkward

THE pipes in many houses are so badly planned that if anything goes wrong, much work and expense is caused putting it right. When a hot water pipe burst in our bathroom, my husband had to pull the bath out to enable the plumber to reach the pipe. That was not enough, so some of the hall ceiling had to come down. Finally, a chunk of the inside wall had to be knocked out before the job could be completed.—MRS. A. WILCOCK, North Crescent, Moston, Manchester.

Black Mark

KEEPING children in after school is not a sensible punishment these days. Several times my daughter and the rest of her class have had to make the journey home after dark. The authorities should need no reminding of the risks thus run.—MRS. J. B., Staffs.

Motherland

IGNORANCE of Britain is not confined to Americans ("Free Speech," November 15). On a wartime night train journey from Preston I shared a compartment with a Canadian soldier. I awoke in the early hours and found that the train had stopped. I asked my companion if we were anywhere near London, and he replied, "I don't know. We've been stuck in this goldarned station called Euston for the last half-hour."—JOHN P. KNOWLES, Swansea.

Bacon And Eggs

INTENSIVE poultry farming on the farm where I work has raised our production of eggs from 125 dozen to 540 dozen a week in one year. Though I agree with your editorial "Waste Land" (JOHN BULL, November 22), economic production of large quantities of poultry, pigs and eggs would be better achieved by making more feeding stuffs available to those who know their job. Arable farmers should be encouraged to go in for more pigs and poultry. In this district, farms of up to four hundred acres keep only sufficient for their own requirements. Yet profits from this branch of farming compare favourably with any other.—A. T. SMITH, Bosham, Sussex.

. . . Near Liverpool, farmers are being forced to quit rich, arable land to make space for houses, when flats could be built on bombed sites in the city.—A. C. S., Liverpool.

Clock Warmer

SOME clocks stop when taken from a warm room into a cold bedroom. To keep the clock going, make for it a

flannel nightdress with a flap over the face and a press stud at the bottom. All bedroom clocks will appreciate it in winter. — MARTHA BULLIVANT (aged ten), Lofthouse, Wakefield, Yorks.

Not Counted

MY husband, a bank clerk, has to count the proceeds of many church and flag day collections, and he often finds buttons, pieces of indiarubber, tinfoil and foreign coins. Do the people who make these offerings want to appear generous, when they are really being dishonest, or is it mere accident that such items appear, due to a hastily emptied pocket?—MRS. M. M., Scotland.

Accuse In Haste

WHEN I was a doll "surgeon," I once found a gold bangle in a doll. The customer was very distressed when I returned it. She told me that three months before she had sacked her maid on suspicion of stealing the bangle. But it was her own daughter who had put it into the doll.—A. JORDAN, Worthing.

Favouritism

DOES it make any difference if children overhear their parents discussing favourites in the family? ("Free Speech," November 22). The children always know. My husband was the youngest of five and was his mother's favourite, although he never heard her say so. On her death she left everything to him. Parents should not have favourites among their children. It creates jealousy.—MRS. M. C., Dublin.

Ink Unspilled

SUSPECTING that letter writing is a dying art, I wrote letters to ten friends in different parts of the country. In nine days I received two replies. One was written in such haste that words were joined together and made difficult to read. The second was widely spaced, to give the impression of length. Both contained expressions on the weather and the commonplace ending: "Hope this finds you as it leaves me." My suspicion was amply confirmed.—MISS JOAN PLATT, Oldham.

Emergency Call

IT is often difficult to obtain coppers for public telephones, stamp machines and lavatories. Could not municipal authorities erect change-giving machines in convenient places, similar to the ticket machines in the London Underground?—E. M., Yorks.

Letters intended for publication should be as brief as possible and include the sender's full name and address. John Bull pays a guinea for every letter printed. Readers with personal problems should send inquiries (other than medical) to John Bull Free Advice Service with a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

Whiff of Christmas!

CHRISTMAS brings many lovable old customs. Some are expensive, but one custom we can all afford—the gift of Christmas cigars.
WILLS'S WHIFFS are luxurious and Christmassy in the very best tradition. They give 25 minutes of smoking enjoyment—yet they cost so little!

Special Christmas Pack 12 *for* 7/2½

WILLS'S WHIFFS

The little cigar with the BIG *reputation*

3 for 1/10 • 6 for 3/7½ • 25 for 15/-

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millions do . . .

WESTCLOX "Nursery Alarm" Luminous

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TAKE PHOSFERINE

Don't let yourself get run-down and depressed. Build yourself up with Phosferine to resist wintry conditions. Phosferine stimulates the appetite, strengthens the nerves, builds up resistance to infection and promotes healthy vitality. Start taking Phosferine today and steer clear of illness. Taken regularly Phosferine will bring lasting benefits of health.

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The Greatest of all Tonics
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SMASH that COLD!

TAKE 2 'ASPRO' TABLETS AND A HOT DRINK Tonight!

The swift, safe and certain way to beat colds and 'flu is to take 2 'ASPRO' tablets immediately you feel a cold coming on and another 2 tablets every two hours afterwards. 'ASPRO' reduces your temperature, soothes away the aches and pains and gives you restful slumber while promoting a mild perspiration which helps to smash your cold while you are sleeping, so that you wake fit and refreshed, without harm to the heart or stomach.

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CERTAINLY HAS *Got* SOMETHING FOR COLDS AND 'FLU

Made by ASPRO LIMITED, Slough, Bucks

SOLD EVERYWHERE
5d. (1 tape) 1/9 (carton)

Over 6 million ASPRO tablets taken daily

He got to his feet and, like a grave, middle-aged man disturbed in his nap, stood there blinking. Then, with a growl, he slowly turned his head

KING LION

by ALASTAIR SCOBIE

He was huge, dangerous and magnificent, and he stood twenty feet from Albert Wedmeyer. For fifty years the little man had lived for one moment—this one

TO THE STEWARDESS on the great, sleek shark of an aircraft he was nothing unusual, just a middle-aged American business man called Albert Wedmeyer from somewhere in the Middle-West, snoring gently in his crumpled gaberdine suit, his lined face against the grey cord of his seat, the rimless spectacles slipping sideways on his nose until she wondered if she had not better try to take them off in case he broke them.

She did not see him as the very apotheosis of adventure that he was, Al Wedmeyer, of Saffron Hill, who had kept the shoe store at the corner of Main and Third for twenty-six years, a father three times over, a dutiful husband, an Elk and a member of Rotary, who was travelling twelve thousand miles to kill one animal.

In a way it was a great quest. Al had ridden out of Saffron Hill on the express with something of the halo about him of a medieval knight embarking on some magnificently hopeless and quixotic adventure, and men had waved to him until the train was out of sight.

ILLUSTRATED BY RAYMOND SHEPPARD, R.I.

"Say what you like about Al, he may be crazy, but he sure has guts!"

Now Al Wedmeyer slept as the world turned on its axis and the shadow of night followed the white sword of day across the world, deserts heated and cooled, peasants died of hunger in the black lands of the East, children were born; the full drama that is life went on while Al slept, and in his dreams he could see once more Jeff Turnedi, the insurance man, waving as the train thundered out of Saffron

Continued on page 29

Cecil McGivern puts new life into TV

by WILFRED GREATOREX

Prodding, bullying, sparing nobody's feelings, he swept into television with the effect of a bomb. Out for perfection, he has his own idea of how to get it: disrupt rather than control

ONE MONDAY MORNING in June, 1947, eight of the twenty-four television producers then at the B.B.C. were called to a third-floor office in the tower of Alexandra Palace to meet their new boss, an angular, bespectacled Tynesider named Cecil McGivern. When the last man arrived, McGivern, who had never put on a television show in his life, pointed to a brass tortoise on his desk. "That," he said in a shy, engaging way, "is to remind me not to hurry before I know my job."

Less than forty-eight hours afterwards, one of the producers was again sent for. "This time McGivern tore me off a strip in the roughest possible language," he recalls. "I wasn't the only one. The new boss was going about the place like a bomb. His tortoise had gone, too." From that day to this, McGivern has been exhorting, prodding and bullying heads of departments, producers, technicians and administrators in what one old hand recently called a "frenzied bid to get the television service he wants—efficient, enterprising and *professional*."

As programme controller, McGivern is responsible for what goes on the home screens—and when. He is an eloquent, restless perfectionist with sharp cheek-bones that give him a hungry look, a mop of greying wavy hair and a taste for red ties that are usually out of shape. During his five and a half years with B.B.C. television, two extra studios have been opened at Lime Grove, four regional transmitters have gone on the air, the four studio cameras have become fourteen (of varying design and sensitivity) and outside television gear has increased sevenfold. The annual programme budget has grown from an undisclosed pittance in 1947-48 to £766,514 in 1950-51 and over £1 million this year. Programme time has expanded from seventeen and a half to thirty-five hours a week, and the number of programmes from fewer than a hundred a month to the present 230-250.

Hardest Man To Please

By enemies as well as admirers, McGivern is given much of the credit for this expansion. "As long as I've known him," says a colleague, "he has nagged those above him for more of everything—money, staff, equipment and studio space—and those below him for better work."

As a result, he has a reputation as the hardest man to please in the B.B.C. He admits that the title of his near £3,000-a-year job is misleading. "My method," he says, "has been to disrupt rather than control." He has insisted on shorter programmes, imported the director-producer technique from films, and improved outside broadcasting by his belief in real-life material and the priority he gave to new apparatus.

He has ruthlessly thrown out programmes that fell too far short of his set standards, and ordered producers to fire artists who, in his view, have not made the grade. Once, a well-known television personality due to appear in six programmes of a new series dropped out after the first. McGivern, as usual, had been looking-in.

He spares nobody's feelings where a programme is involved. At forty-eight hours' notice, some months ago, he told Eric Fawcett to cut half an hour out of *The Golden Door*, a play which Fawcett had estimated would run for two hours. When the producer said it could not be done, McGivern retorted: "If you can't do it, I will." Fawcett did it.

One day last June McGivern went to Paris to check the final plans made by two B.B.C. television executives, Imlay Watts and Peter Dimmock, for a series of direct outside broadcasts to Britain. In the office of Jean d'Arcy, head of French television, who was also helping, McGivern was told about the trio's *pièce de résistance*. It was to be a gala night, with French notabilities of stage, screen, politics and the arts meeting, amid some splendour, on a boat on the Seine. "It will be all glamour and glitter," enthused Watts.

"And the perfect setting," added Dimmock, "with Notre-Dame in the background."

Even d'Arcy joined in the sales talk. McGivern heard them out with not a single interruption. Then he said: "Scrap it. It's not entertainment. Let's have a fashion show instead."

His Memos Are A Legend

Sometimes McGivern orders changes even when a programme is on the air. During one outside broadcast he telephoned to ask where it was coming from. "Battersea Pleasure Gardens," came the reply. "Then why not say so?" demanded McGivern. "We can't assume that every viewer has read the *Radio Times*. For heaven's sake tell us where you are!" A few moments later, announcer McDonald Hobley obliged. On another occasion, when a French chorus was being televised from Lime Grove, McGivern considered their clothes too scanty for the family audience in Britain and telephoned to order the cameras back a bit.

McGivern misses few programmes. Most evenings he stays in his office looking-in. He makes rapid notes in a leather-backed pocketbook which he always carries, and next morning sends out memos about what he has seen. These memos, by now a legend, are witty, concise, occasionally complimentary and often cruel; they are written in a spidery hand—in red ink. A producer once started a club for officials who had had very rude ones. "But we had to give it up," says one who qualified. "It was getting out of hand. Nearly everybody in television was eligible."

The morning after one programme, McGivern wrote laconically to its producer: "The script was over-sentimental, the story was poor, the cast was patchy—some of them looking like the real thing and others very far from it—and the production was, oh! so slow." More constructively, he once pinpointed a flaw in a documentary by telling the producer he had made a mistake by tracking in his cameras on a floor "notorious for its creak."

McGivern is a stickler for detail. When a series of children's programmes about Billy Bunter was being got ready for second showing to the adult evening audience, he sent a memo to Freda Lingstrom, head of children's television, saying the speech must be faster, the shouts louder and "the thwacks real thwacks on a behind panned out of vision." Now and again he likes to elaborate his views verbally. Then, says a recent caller, an argument is almost certainly in the offing. "He likes a fight and prefers others to fight back."

Early this year, McGivern summoned a veteran producer to his well-carpeted office with its mahogany desk. When the greetings were over, he began: "Now, about those slow fades of yours last night. . . ."

"*Just* a minute," the producer said. He pulled out a wad of press cuttings from an inside pocket. "Before you say anything, have you seen these?" The controller glanced through the favourable reviews with evident approval. Then he looked up. "But I didn't say it was a bad programme. It was ninety-five per cent good. It was also five per cent bad. I'm not here to worry about the good. Now—those slow fades. . . ."

Though he has still not produced a programme himself—his greatest omission in the view of many who work with him—McGivern has directly inspired such top programmes as *In The News*, *Special Inquiry* and *Ballet For Beginners*. He has also pressed hard for a number of outside broadcasts and for the development of "back projection," a presentation device by which scenes are set by magic lantern instead of with studio "props." He is usually prolific with

Dinner off a tray—and TV—for the chief

McGivern sometimes orders changes while a show is on the air

One of his rare leisure moments: McGivern with his daughter Barbara and his son

suggestions and opinions at the programme conference over which he presides each Thursday.

McGivern may suddenly fire off about anything, and many stormy moments are frequently carried over into the private meetings McGivern has at least once a week with each of his departmental heads. In fact, he spends most of his day seeing producers, designers, administrators, commentators, engineers, newspapermen and stars, and there are always more people wanting interviews than he has time to see.

Most of McGivern's would-be callers are headed off by his secretary, a diplomatic young woman named Barbara Hunter. "But for her," comments a B.B.C. official, "Cecil would have had more than one serious crack-up." This is a reference to the April day this year when an ambulance called at McGivern's home and carried him off to hospital. He had four ulcers taken from his stomach and lost one and a half stones in weight. For a while, recalls one producer, the place was like a rudderless Queen Mary—"big, noisy, but going nowhere."

Dislikes Routine Work

In May, McGivern went into the country to build up, and the memos started arriving again. They crackled as before. "He'd lost none of his verve," recalls a senior official. "When he didn't like a programme it was still bloody awful in a big way."

For a while McGivern delegated work among his executives, but most of it has now reverted to him—though he likes to tell people it has not. He reaches Lime Grove by nine o'clock most mornings. He works to no strict routine, however, and is quite likely to leave his correspondence till after tea (he prefers to write, rather than dictate, his letters). Sometimes he slips into a studio to see a rehearsal, but rarely does so without warning the producer. He has dinner off a tray and then settles back as a critical viewer. About eleven o'clock he leaves for his home not far from Broadcasting House (he is married, with three children, Barbara, Patricia and Godric). Now and then, before he packs up, McGivern will have entertained, in his office, the producer and others concerned in any programme that has especially pleased him.

Cecil McGivern was born near Newcastle on May 22, 1907, the second son of Irish immigrants. At seventeen he left St. Cuthbert's, a Catholic grammar school to which he had won a scholarship ("I earned my education") and went on to Durham University. There he was something of a lightweight boxer and a musician.

He took no harm in the ring, but his ability to play the violin had positive benefits. In the depression days of 1929 and 1930 he was a musician in a silent cinema, and later moved with the times by taking up the trumpet and playing with several Tyneside dance bands. Once, when the first trumpeter failed to turn up, McGivern shirked the responsibility by stuffing the first trumpet part down his trousers.

By the middle of 1930 he was teaching history at St. Aloysius's in Newcastle. He was also giving a lot of time to amateur and part-time professional dramatics, an activity that presently led him into radio. In 1934 he went to the Newcastle studios of the B.B.C. and produced a one-act play, *The Willing Spirit*, by a playwright called Esther McCracken, then unknown.

The experience so excited McGivern that, according to "Hookey" Walker, a B.B.C. engineer who was at Newcastle in those days, he would spend whole evenings at the studios learning about control panels, microphones and the principles of sound. The interest paid. In 1936 he was offered, and took, a staff job at £320 a year. A little over twelve months later he was virtually running programmes from Newcastle. It was a hectic job. When war broke out, McGivern was already suffering with his stomach, but he kept up the pressure on himself by beginning a series of war documentaries with *Fighter Pilot*.

To get material for that programme, he lived with a fighter squadron for nearly six weeks. Then came a similar job of imagination and research, *Bombers Over Berlin*. In it, McGivern did something that feature producers had found hard to achieve: he got convincing radio performances from amateurs. By Christmas, 1940, he was in London, chronicling the war in such features as *Absent Friends*. Then came *The First One Thousand*, *Junction X* (about the railways at war), *A Harbour Called Mulberry* and *Radar*.

They established McGivern, in the words of a colleague, as "the greatest feature producer the B.B.C. ever had." The status was hard come by, for he exacted the most out of himself and his casts. An actor recalls how McGivern once had to lie on the studio floor because of the pain caused by his perforated ulcer—yet he insisted on keeping the rehearsal going.

Explosion Was Expected

Terry Cox, who was sound engineer to McGivern in those days, tells of one run-through that brought the producer into the studio in a mood of angry despair. He called the cast together and began berating them. "Arthur, you were terrible! Michael, you were too slow by a mile! And Charles... Charles? Where's Charles?" A snore came from a settee in a corner. Everyone awaited the explosion. Instead, McGivern smiled and broke off the rehearsal for lunch.

His belligerency often used to burst out, as it still does, in wit and humour. During a rehearsal of *A Harbour Called Mulberry*, when gunfire was expected as a sound effect, someone put on the wrong recording—the sound of galloping horses. "Stop it!" cried McGivern. "What are you trying to do—trample them to death?"

Diligent in research, he once visited a bomber station to get some background about radar. "The best way to find out," advised the station commander, "is to go up and see." It was a warm summer's day and McGivern had no vest or waistcoat. The crew were well buttoned-up. "At twenty-six thousand feet," McGivern recalls, "the cold was adding to my fright." He spent some of the most uncomfortable moments

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THE DEEP FREEZE

by ***ROWAN AYERS***

ILLUSTRATED BY OLIPHANT

They put me in the case and switched on. I began to think of Carol, and how she'd react if this killed me

GARRON WAS STARING AT ME. "Are you ready, Halloran?" There was a note of impatience in his voice.

"Quite," I said calmly.

My flesh was still tingling after the long massage and the embalming. The glycerine, rubbed well into my skin, had enclosed me hermetically within its strong-smelling cocoon, so that I was no longer aware of my nakedness.

"Then perhaps," said the doctor, "we can make a start. You understand, of course, that this is entirely experimental?"

I nodded. "I've signed the document."

"There is still a chance to withdraw if you wish."

I hesitated for a moment. Not because of any uncertainty, but because I wished to savour the drama.

In the centre of the laboratory the long glass case glistened beneath the hard glare of the fluorescent light. It might already have been a chunk of ice; already freezing time-present into a solid slab of inertia. This was the Biopagon, the freezer of life. I called it "Katie." I couldn't feel much reverence for a machine that was going to take me down about a hundred degrees below zero, and stiffen me like a cod in a deep freeze.

"I've no wish to withdraw," I said. "I'll see it through."

He made a quick, nervous motion of assent, and looked at the machine. The culmination of seven years of work and experiment; the sickening moment when brilliant hypothesis must be put to the test. For me personally, I imagined, he felt nothing. I was just a bit of x and y in the calculation. That suited me perfectly.

"We shall, of course," he was saying, "take constant readings on the thermoscope. At the first sign of any irregularity——"

"How long," I interrupted, "will the first session last?"

He fingered his lower lip. "Provisionally, six weeks. But if all is going well at that stage, we may let it continue." He looked at me quickly. "You did agree, I think, to an indefinite period?"

"I did. Six weeks, six months, six years. I'm not fussy."

He laughed, a little forcedly. "Come, come, Halloran," he said, "I don't think we need go quite as far as that."

I shrugged.

"Now," he continued, "if you're ready. . . ."

"Quite ready."

Dr. Garron went over to the wall and pressed a bell. It was the signal for the rest of them, the operators and observers, to enter the laboratory. They had been waiting now for nearly four hours, while I'd been undergoing the preliminary treatment in the embalming room.

They came in quietly, apprehensively, and Garron held up his hand as they shuffled to their allotted positions.

"Gentlemen," he addressed them. "I do not propose to make a speech here tonight. You are all familiar with the nature of our experiment and the possibilities of psychrohaemia. Many of you have worked in this field for a number of years. But I feel that we should all, at this point, like again to pay tribute to Mr. Halloran for volunteering to undergo the next and most uncertain part of the process. I need hardly add that not only we, as pioneers, but the whole of the scientific world acknowledges his courage and self-sacrifice."

From the thirty or forty men in the room there came a muffled "Hear, hear."

I looked down at my toes, glistening unnaturally in the coating of preservative.

"And now," said Garron, "if Mr. Halloran will climb into the Biopagon, we shall begin."

Several of the operators moved forward and took up stations beside the machine. The remainder spread out round the long, low gallery, or settled down beside the thermoscopic record dials to observe the initial reactions.

I HAD practised my position in "Katie" many times before, and was now quite familiar with the routine. I lay on my back on the thin covering of gauze spread along the bottom of the case, and stretched my legs full out.

After a little adjustment, I felt reasonably comfortable.

"O.K.," I said to Garron, who was peering at me over the side. "Ready for the bands."

He fastened the metal straps round my wrists and ankles, and then buckled the large band over my chest.

"All set?" he asked.

"All set."

Before moving away, he placed the small breathing mask over my mouth. This would be removed when I no longer needed to breathe, and would not be replaced until a few minutes before my eventual return to consciousness. At least, that was the theory. . . .

"Good luck, Halloran," I heard him say. "See you in six weeks' time."

The lid was slowly lowered, and I was alone.

The long white blur of the fluorescent light above me obscured everything that went on

Above me, I saw the shadowy shapes of the

outside the cage. Of the operators beside the machine, I could see little save the pale smudges of their faces, and the occasional shadows of movement. They might have been the ghosts of fish in a dark, bottomless ocean.

There was, I knew, a five minutes' acclimatization period before the dethermalizing began, and I tried to count the seconds. My pulse, beating heavily beneath the straps at my wrists and ankles, gave me some sort of guide to time, though I reckoned it was beating nearer eighty than seventy-two to the minute.

Already, I reckoned, I'd had my first two minutes. I closed my eyes.

I began to get everything out of my mind. There was no point at this stage in trying to work out the future, or worrying about the past. I was completely shut up in the present. Completely removed from the conflict of hope and memory. Completely removed from personal failure.

For as long as I could remember I'd been a failure. A stifling fungus seemed to grow round everything I'd done. Maybe it had been just morbid self-pity; I didn't know. The fact was there had seemed little point in living. There had to be something to one's life—a

scientists. I closed my eyes. Soon, I felt a slight irritation in my ankles. It had started

purpose, a mission, a sense of direction. . . . At least I was able now to find some consolation in dying for a cause, however cranky.

Three minutes. . . .

It was strange to think there was no one outside my narrow glass prison who was going to miss me. I should have minded that once, ten years ago, or even five; but not now.

CAROL, of course, would have a moment of regret. She was bound to, in spite of the way everything had ended between us. She'd feel a momentary pang, at least; as she always did when she came face to face with finality. That's what would hurt her, more than my actual destruction. Carol had never liked finality. She had never liked the sensation of time passing, or of growing older; she had never liked the difference in age between us. And that was at the root of it, of course. I was fifteen years older than she, forty to her twenty-five; too old. . . .

But we had a part of each other in our hearts. My death would hurt her. It was a satisfying thought. Of course, if Garron and his boys were right; if indeed there were any possibility of the experiment coming off; if I emerged in a few weeks' time . . . ! She had not married again. Perhaps there would be another chance for us. *If* it succeeded. I considered that possibility pretty remote.

Four minutes. . . .

I was making myself drowsy. Garron had advised total relaxation for this early stage; total detachment.

"Think about numbers," he'd suggested. "Just numbers; they'll soothe you."

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven. . . .

They became separate words, stringing together into a sentence, a poem, an emotion, a philosophy . . . thirty-eight, thirty-nine, forty, forty-one. . . .

There couldn't be much longer to go. Even allowing for the quickening of my pulse, I must be near the end of the five minutes.

Seventy-three, seventy-four, seventy-five. . . .

I felt a slight irritation in my ankles, as if a number of small insects had begun to crawl over the bone and circle the lower part of my skin. It was beginning. "Katie" was going to work.

I waggled my head to confirm that I was still in control, and then tried to hold my breath. But the automatic lung prevented me. It went on sucking and blowing, dictating the rhythm, overwhelming my first feeble resistance.

There was a moral here somewhere, I thought. Science killing me slowly at one end, and keeping me alive at the other. Somewhere, very soon, the forces would join battle. The immovable meeting the irresistible, with me as the no-man's-land.

Even through the thick tissue of the preserving liquid I could feel the sharp needles of chill, like shafts of ice, cutting away my skin and lodging between flesh and bone. But nothing was actually hurting yet; or perhaps I'd mentally immunized myself against the whole conception of pain.

The tingling extended slowly up my legs to my thighs; up through my stomach, almost pleasingly, until it reached my chest. It was here that I suffered the first real shock, that broke mercilessly through my resistance. As I winced and pulled at my fastenings, the bands on my wrists bit deeper into the flesh.

For a moment I imagined the preservative oil had melted and dissolved, and that I was now utterly unprotected and defenceless against the searing, scorching agony of the ice. I tugged desperately at my wrist-bands, but still the long slithers of pain were being driven up under my skin, still the merciless army of death tramped onwards across my body.

It was how I had always imagined death to be. Pain, fear and struggle: there would have to be these screaming, biting winds of agony on that final journey over the dark river.

I felt myself giving in at last, accepting the inevitable, almost welcoming the crescendo of the pulse in my head, longing for the apex, the bursting point when I should disintegrate in a million fragments, falling gently, endlessly through darkness. . . .

I had become weaker; much weaker. I was no longer in charge of myself. I could no longer open my eyes, no longer move my toes, nor could I sense any physical connection to my body.

ABOUT me there was a new silence; heavy, cold and lifeless. It was tightening upon me, twisting its way through the frozen shell of flesh and bone, into the cowering, guttering spark of life that lingered inside.

In a moment its clammy hand would snuff the flame, and I should be gone in a dying, sighing hiss of steam.

I made one desperate effort to escape, to tear myself out of the trap, to wrench my hands off at the wrists, to sever my feet at the ankles. Anything that would enable me to burst out of the band across my chest, and break upwards through the heavy lid into the warm air and space beyond. I was near to death, very near now, and I was beginning to understand. To understand the real meaning of fear in that brilliant moment before extinction. There was no need now, surely, to go on? To go on over the precipice? Surely no need now . . . ? I was afraid of dying. More afraid of it than I had been of living.

And then, even as darkness came, even as the momentary wraith of soul curled out of me and hovered uncertainly beyond my body, I felt the terrible pressure slacken. The relief was slight at first, but unmistakable.

Something must have happened. I was not yet dead, and there was a subtle warmth in my feet, a distant, invisible rescuer climbing through my body to take me down from the cruel apex.

In my ears there was a noise again, the torrent of blood spilling through my veins like flood water through a broken dam. It became a great surging gust of fire, a burning stream of liquid scorching the patterns of frost, dissolving the little spears of ice and thawing the brittle bones.

I began to tremble throughout my body, to cry out inside with the fierce intensity of

Continued on page 39

Warden Arthur Wiltshire with some of the club members. Over the door are the boys' trophies

Mervyn Turner, with pipe, on the Normanhurst. He did not look for members; they came to him

All aboard for the 'rough cuts' club

by NORMAN PHILLIPS

The boys who fitted in nowhere else needed only the chance to run their own show. An old barge, a taste of danger and a spice of adventure have turned out to be the right answer

ABOUT THREE YEARS AGO, an unusual report came to Sir Harold Scott, Commissioner of Police of the Metropolis. The communication had nothing to do with murder, robbery, accidents or any of the unhappy events that usually occupy the Commissioner's attention. It merely recorded that on a recent evening a group of boys walking down Wapping High Street had paused outside the police station and, grinning at the chief inspector, called out, "Good night, sir."

This news cheered Sir Harold almost as much as though Scotland Yard had solved another major mystery. He knew the boys, not professionally, but as patron of a new organization to which they belonged. It is called the Barge Boys' Club, and has its headquarters on a coastal sailing barge, the Normanhurst, moored between the Old Aberdeen and Morocco wharves in London's East End.

An experiment in social science, the club has gained world-wide attention since its formation three years ago. The aim of the experiment is to develop a new type of centre attractive to what social workers call "the unclubbable boy." According to one of the club's founders, these are "boys who should be in clubs but are not." Along the river they have a simpler description for the boys. They call them "rough cuts."

Looking For Adventure

The boys who said good night to Chief Inspector E. L. Brown were some of the original members of the club. They were not juvenile delinquents, but rather high-spirited, adventuresome youngsters with a natural inclination to look on the police as potential enemies. These lads call police officers "coppers" or "bogies." The police station is the "bogy-shop" or "copper-shop," and a few months previously the last thing that would have entered their heads was the notion of exchanging pleasantries with any guardian of the law.

Chief Inspector Brown knew this very well, which was why he told his superiors of the transformation the club had achieved. It was the first indication that the experiment had been soundly planned, and it was duly recorded by the original warden, an enthusiastic professional social worker named Mervyn Lloyd Turner.

A patient experimenter, Turner made his home on the barge when the club was first opened. He trained his usually volatile nature to cope with some of the more unruly members, who in later days would try to smoke out the warden by stuffing the ship's ventilators. Turner, who now acts as chairman of the club executive, has written a sociological study of the experiment called *Ship Without Sails*.

Turner's most exciting day was probably at the Chelsea Regatta in 1950. Officers of the Thames Division of the Metropolitan Police had suggested that the Barge Boys should enter two crews, one for the whaler event and the other for the dory race. The boys' own committee agreed. The training period turned out to be typical of the boys' attitude; bursts of intense enthusiasm were followed by bouts of lethargy and carelessness. On the eve of the race one of the teams failed to show up and a substitute had to be found.

At Chelsea, the Barge Boys crews were drawn against teams from the Sea Scouts and similar training units. Neither Turner nor the River Police held any hopes for victory. To their astonishment, the Barge Boys won every event they entered, and returned home down river the deliriously proud owners of two shining cups.

What pleased the warden was not that the boys had won, but that they had been able to produce two teams. "A year previously," he says, "it would have been quite impossible to make any such demands upon the boys."

Boasted Of Expulsions

Turner was one of the original group of people who conceived the club as an experiment. The idea arose from the worries that beset Derek Borboen, a probation officer in the East End of London. Borboen was concerned about the number of lads who were appearing in court and who did not belong to any of the established youth organizations. Some of them boasted of being expelled from clubs. Others had failed to find a club that interested them

Borboen discussed the problem with some friends. They made a study of forty boys who were known not to be attached to any youth group, and agreed that there was a need for a new type of club to attract this kind of boy. The club would have to offer greater excitement —possibly even a taste of danger—and make a physical demand on its members.

A former naval chaplain, the Rev. David Herbert Booth, the Rector of Stepney, listened to Borboen and then suggested, "Why not get a boat? If you are playing on a boat and you don't do what you are told, you fall in the drink. A club on a boat won't be drab, respectable or dull. Boats offer the spice of adventure."

A suitable boat was found by Ronald Sparks, an authority on coastal and river barges. He discovered a standard coaster, the Normanhurst, and £1,500 was raised to buy it. Turner was appointed warden. "The next problem," he recalls, "was whether to look for the type of boy we wanted—or let them find us. We decided that the boys we were looking for would be the ones who would find us, so we set up shop by mooring the barge near Wapping New Stairs."

The location had its attractions. The boys who were accustomed to stand on the New Stairs and drop into the water could see that there

Fred Mills takes his turn at running the canteen. Membership costs a shilling a week for boys who are working, sixpence for those at school

An afternoon at the club that has attracted world-wide attention. Wiltshire and his boys go out in the whaler

was more fun to be had diving from the deck of a barge. In the first eight weeks that the Normanhurst was moored at Wapping, nearly every boy in the district paid the barge a visit. They were not the type Turner wanted. It took another two or three weeks to assemble a suitable group of boys who were not attached to any of the existing youth organizations. It consisted of a gang of twelve, plus another eight who were not attached to the gang. "You don't like the clubs you've seen," Turner told them. "Here's the chance to make your own."

There was work to be done—the barge needed painting, and the holds had to be overhauled to make them into clubrooms—but neither the time nor the boys were right for concerted activity. It was July, and on a summer evening it was more pleasant just to sit on deck, go for a row in the dinghy or dive into the river. (If a lighterman falls into the Thames where it flows through the dock area, he is immediately whipped off to hospital for a medical check. The Barge Boys seem to thrive on the hygienic hazards offered by the river.)

Lead Had To Be Subtle

Turner bided his time, content to let the boys get to know each other and to know him. He dropped suggestions as to what united efforts could achieve, and when the days grew shorter and it became necessary to get the barge ready for the winter months, he was ready to direct the boys' efforts into useful channels. Direction had to be subtle, or the boys might drift away.

Someone presented the club with a record player. "Who buys the records?" the boys asked. Turner replied: "Why shouldn't we share the expense? You buy some, and the committee will buy some. You buy two and we'll buy one." As they began to collect records, the boys themselves decided to fence off part of the hold as an office where the collection could be housed safely.

This partition was a flimsy piece of elementary carpentry. Visitors to the barge had visions of it disintegrating into matchwood the next time there was a rough-house on board. Strangely enough, the office survived for two years, when it was removed as part of a renovation plan. The boys were learning respect for property.

The first tasks were simple ones, where the minimum of effort showed a maximum of result. Eventually, Turner felt the stage had been reached where he could show dissatisfaction if the boys' efforts did not come up to standard. A Welshman, Turner had been careful to conceal his personal reactions to the occasional outbursts of irresponsibility. "Then came a time," he says, "when it was a good thing for the boys to have a taste of my temper."

First Slapdash Efforts

He was testing theories. One was that in the early stages it was essential that effort should produce a quick result. Later, it should be possible to make a greater demand and get the group to sacrifice immediate pleasure for pleasure which came after long and sustained application. The first efforts at painting were slapdash, but gradually members realized that more effort produced a better effect. On their own initiative, they repainted part of the interior in a colour scheme of their own choice.

Another theory dealt with leadership. Twelve of the original twenty members belonged to a gang under a boy who had been in command when they were hanging about street corners. He had a bright personality, with a flair for mimicry and the ability to entertain his followers. Turner and his committee did not intervene by deposing the old leader, but waited to see what would happen. "It was not considered right to influence leadership problems," the warden says, "but we did feel that the activity would change the status of the group members."

On the street corner, the gang looked up to someone daring and tough. On the barge the qualities needed to lead the group were different, and Turner watched with quiet satisfaction as another boy, one with some constructive skill and responsibility, emerged. The boys did not realize it, but the sponsors of the club were aware that they had reached a crisis; the danger was that, in the struggle for leadership, the losing faction might desert.

The original gang leader started off well on the barge and seemed to be holding the loyalty of his followers. His lack of concentration and reliability proved his undoing. He was absent from the club three nights in a row at the time when the group was turning to new projects, and his followers lacked direction. The authority of the new and constructively minded leader triumphed. No one left the club.

A committee chosen by the boys governs the club. Membership fees are sixpence a week for those still at school, and a shilling for those who are working. Sixpenny members are not allowed to smoke, and it is an occasion when one of them gets his first job, planks down his shilling fee and ceremoniously produces a packet of cigarettes and lights up a "snart."

Queen Mary Sent A Skiff

"The original plan called for a new crop of boys every four or five months," Turner says. "The first lot stayed for eighteen months before they left and joined one of the established clubs. We then had to decide whether to end the experiment or to start all over again."

Currently, Arthur Wiltshire, the new warden, is tolerantly watching the progress of a new crop of boys. Turner is applying the same theories and principles in a new district—this time in a Nissen hut called the Anvil Club. The new experiment should show whether the attraction of a barge is really necessary to rope in the boys.

Meanwhile, on the barge the interior has been stripped of fittings made by earlier groups. Three boats are tied alongside, including a skiff presented by Queen Mary with the request that it be named the Endeavour; the boys liked her suggestion, and now all three boats bear the same name and are distinguished by numbers. Through the winter, twenty boys will be busy finding their own answer to the invitation, "Here's the chance to make your own club."

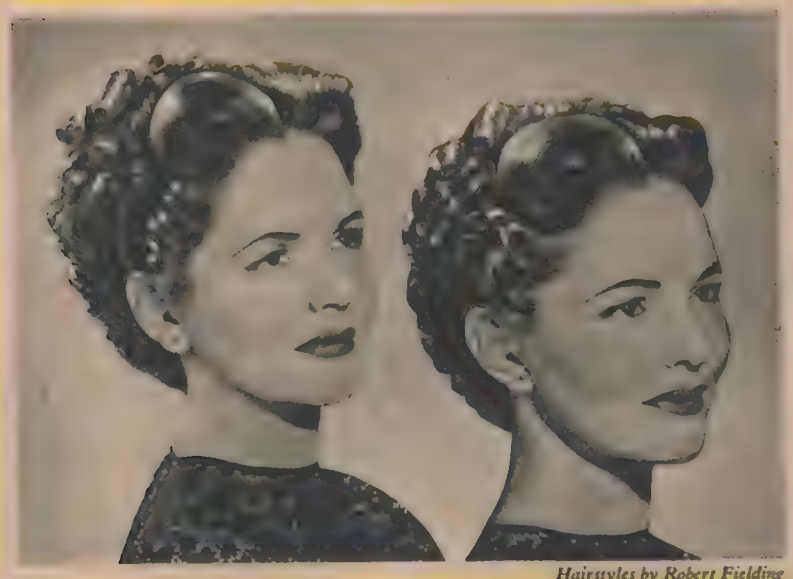
THE END

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

Which Twin has the Toni—

and which has the expensive perm?

(See answer below)



Hairstyles by Robert Fielding

DECEMBER **25**

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Dorothy (on the right), and Joan Coggins, of Holloway, N.7, are identical twins. And their hair looks identical, too — yet Dorothy has a Toni and her sister an expensive perm.

Whole Head Refill 9/-

If you have no curlers, buy the Whole Head Kit with Spin Curlers — **18/6,** or with Standard Curlers—**15/-.** End Curl Kit with Midget Spin Curlers—**9/-.** End Curl Refill—**6/6**

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Good mornings begin with Gillette

ESCAPE—OR DIE: Paul Brickhill concludes the real-life exploits of Tony Snell—the R.A.F. pilot who cheated a firing squad

SMUGGLERS' ROAD TO FREEDOM

WHEN THE TRAIN which had been taking him to Germany and captivity disappeared into the night, Anthony Snell got up from the bushes beside the track. His leap from the train had shaken him badly, and he stood for a while uncertain and groggy. Then, anxiously, he began to examine his right arm, which was in a sling. There was no blood; by some miracle his wounds had not burst. But then, fighter pilot Tony Snell had a charmed life.

Shot down over Sicily on the day of the invasion in 1943, he had been captured by the Germans and taken out to be shot as a "spy." When the firing stopped he had eight bullet wounds and fifteen pieces of shrapnel in his body. The execution squad had not bothered to finish him off. But Tony Snell had refused to die, and in a hospital in Italy, where he had been taken after being recaptured, he had made an astonishing recovery. And, now, he had eluded his captors again.

He began to whistle "Lili Marlene." In a few seconds he heard the song being whistled softly up the line. He walked towards the sound and a moment later saw Peter Lewis, a wounded British Army major who had jumped from the train with him. They shook hands and grinned breathlessly, both of them shaking all over. Then, they cut away from the railway lines to a wood, pushed into the middle, scraped themselves hip-holes and lay down to sleep.

The Friendly Farmer

At dawn they started walking to get warm, heading south by the sun and wondering how far they would have to go before they reached the Allied armies. Like all other escaping p.o.w.s at that time, they thought that the Allies were fanning fast through Italy from a dozen landings on the coast.

In the warmth of noon they flopped wearily on the grass and slept. At dusk they were moving on, and saw a clump of farm buildings. They decided to take a chance and ask for shelter and food. While Lewis hid in some bushes, Snell walked up to the farm.

A dark, stocky little Italian came out of the house as he approached and said instantly, *"Inglese?"* Snell eyed him warily, then nodded and pointed to his mouth, asking for food. The little man looked ridiculously pleased. He held out his hand and then beckoned Snell through the door. Snell said, *"Amigo. Amigo!"* pointing to the bushes where he had left Lewis. The farmer grinned; Snell went back and got Lewis and when they returned to the house, the farmer, grinning still, handed them a bottle of wine. Later his wife produced bread and salami, and a horde of dirty children stood at their elbows and sniffed and gaped while they ate.

Snell asked where they were and the farmer said they were in the Po Valley, near Mantova. Later he switched on the radio, fiddled with the knobs and turned with a flourish as the prim, dispassionate voice of a B.B.C. announcer came through. They listened to the news, and learned bitterly that the Allied armies were still fighting hundreds of miles south. "What do we do now?" Lewis said. "Stick around here and see what the form is, or go south?"

"I'll ask the farmer," Snell said.

The little man was not encouraging. They

The two escapees had just sat down to eat with the smugglers when a grim Fascist guard walked in. He stood behind Snell, taking in the scene

ILLUSTRATED BY CASWELL

Anthony Snell at his home in Tunbridge Wells, Kent. He won a D.S.O. for his escape and for his work with the partisans in Italy. Today he is an actor who is making his name in films

Italian partisan leader Mario Lugli. He was tortured soon after helping Snell to escape

could stay the night in the hayloft, but would have to leave early because a German patrol sometimes came round. He drew his finger across his throat and said that he and his family would be executed if the Germans knew he had helped them. There were Fascists in the district who could not be trusted.

After the farmer had left them in the hayloft, Lewis said, rather worried: "I can't believe these people are on the level. They've been fighting us for three years and it doesn't make sense that they'd suddenly risk their lives for us."

"We'll have to take a chance," Snell said. "Anyway, I'm too flaked out for a midnight flit."

On The Road South

The farmer woke them soon after dawn. He did not bring the Germans, but he did bring them each a peaked cap, a tattered old coat and some patched trousers. The two Englishmen were amazed and rather touched. Clothes were scarce and dear in Italy, and he was not a rich farmer. His wife gave them a huge breakfast and some food to carry, and they walked south.

About 10 a.m. the rain came, heavy and prolonged, catching them in the open. Squelching along a slushy road through the drizzle they heard a honking behind them and a staff car full of Germans rushed past. The Germans barely spared them a glance, and after he had got over the shock, Snell said, "You know, we're just a couple of Italian peasants now. This trip's going to be a piece of cake."

A farm cart slowly overtook them and the old peasant driver turned in his seat and said, "Want a lift, Tommy?" They looked at him in fright and dived off the road into the fields. Not long after, three little urchins ran up, tugged at their coats and started shouting, *"Inglese! Inglese!"* Snell turned and hissed at them, "Go away, you little beasts," but they took no notice, and Snell and Lewis did not shake them off for nearly a mile.

Dismayed, they faced the fact that they were dangerously conspicuous, and for some days skulked along the big ditches of the Po Valley, raiding vineyards for grapes and working warily south, hiding or making detours for miles to avoid people. Soon they knew that physical weakness was overtaking both of them—there was no hiding from partially healed wounds and hunger—and one afternoon Snell took a chance and spoke to a bald-headed, wrinkled old farmer in a field, asking shelter for the night. The old man knew instantly, as usual, that they were English, and took them into a loft with two beds, blankets and even sheets.

In the morning Snell's right shoulder was hurting badly and he felt feverish. He asked the farmer if they could stay a few days to rest, but the man shook his bald head nervously and said he was too frightened of the Germans. He said, compassionately, that they would have to move by lunchtime. As their unshaven faces might betray them he sent for the village barber, a likeable, voluble little monkey of a man, who cycled up to the farm and gave them both shave, shampoo and haircut.

They were wearily getting ready to move off when a grubby, small boy scuttled into the loft, handed Snell a folded piece of paper and scuttled out again. Snell opened it and read, scrawled in English: "Stay where you are. You are among friends. Tonight you will be taken to a safe place." For a minute or two they could not believe it. Then Snell said, "I'm beginning to think we underrated the Eyeties."

They showed the note to the farmer and said they must stay, and a little fearfully he let them. A little after dusk two men of the local underground movement rode up on bicycles. They had black hats over their eyes, wore black cloaks and acted like a couple of histrionic Pimpernels, squeezing the last drop of dramatic pleasure out of the intrigue. One of them was the monkey-faced little barber of the morning. Snell and Lewis perched themselves on the handlebars and were cycled uncomfortably several miles to a farmhouse on the outskirts of a village called Fabrico, where they were greeted at the door by a tall, solemn Italian who said he was local leader of the underground.

One of the Italians in the house was a trained nurse. She dressed their wounds and they ate magnificently of black-market food. The Italian leader wrinkled his nose a little at their peasant clothes, and on the second day he produced for each of them a smart lounge suit, overcoat, shoes, felt hat, shirts and ties, underclothes and a wad of lire notes. "My God," Lewis said, eyeing himself approvingly in a full-length mirror, "we're gentlemen again!"

Next morning they walked at a discreet distance behind two Italian guides to the railway station and boarded a cattle truck for Modena. There they were met by another guide and they

I LIVED WITH THE ESKIMOS

JOHN BULL begins publication next week of one of the most powerful true stories of human endurance and primitive savagery ever written. The work of Roger Buliard, who lived for years among the Eskimos of Canada's Farthest North, it mirrors with stark realism the life of these untamed people.

It is a story of almost unbelievable hardship and degradation—of women who are merely slaves, highly prized chattels of the all-powerful male; of men who kill their friends just for fun; of a struggle to live so fierce that babies are ruthlessly slaughtered at birth if the season is not propitious, or if they happen to be girls; and of the love and laughter which, incredibly, survive amid the rigours of life in the Barren Land.

Roger Buliard learned the Eskimo's language, and shared the uninhibited life of their igloos during his time among them as a missionary. His revealing story of those years starts . . .

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

trailed after him through a maze of little streets till he knocked on the door of a house. As they caught up with him a grille in the door opened, the guide gave a password, and a moment later they were all inside. A dark, thick-set Italian of about thirty-five, with a pleasant, smiling face, shook their hands and said in atrocious English, "I am very glad to meet you. Enter and have some coffee." He introduced himself as Mario Lugli. Later they learned that he led the underground movement in Modena.

They stayed there five weeks, eating black-market food, reading English novels and magazines and listening to the B.B.C. Other escapees, they learned, were living in other flats run by the underground in Modena, and sometimes they visited these other flats and had tea parties and played bridge. They met several of Mario's Italian helpers—Don Monari, the young priest; Anderlini, the shopkeeper; Anna, the dark, pretty young girl of twenty who risked her life trying to frank the fake identity cards at the town hall; Tino, the barber, who trimmed their moustaches to a debonair Italian thinness.

Rendezvous In Church

One day Mario asked Snell if he would survey a possible airfield for the landing of supplies down in the waist of Italy. He said frankly that it would be dangerous. In the morning Snell walked into Modena Cathedral and knelt in a pew. A man padded up and knelt down beside him, tugged at his sleeve, and Snell followed him out. They got on a bus and travelled in it for six hours. In the mountains to the south they left the bus and spent the night in a peasant's cottage. The guide warned Snell that Fascists who infested the area had gouged out the eyes of some escapers they had caught, to try to make them talk. He gave Snell an automatic pistol and said the idea was to shoot first and ask questions afterwards.

After two days in the cottage waiting for fog to clear they climbed four thousand feet to a plateau under the summit of Mount Cimone, one of the highest peaks in the Apennines. Snell found the plateau was too small for a landing ground, but would be suitable for dropping supplies. They took the bus back to Modena and he compiled maps and reports on the area. One of the copies he sewed into the lining of his small ski-ing cap in case the others went astray. Mario, watching him, said sharply: "If they catch you, they will find that and shoot you as a spy," but Snell rashly took no heed of the advice, saying that if caught he could drop the cap and disown it as it was really too small for him.

Two days later the Germans raided one of the underground's flats and caught several escapers. It was a fair assumption that the Gestapo would handle them, and that under torture they might give away the other places, so Mario hustled Snell and Lewis to a new flat that the underground had not used before.

The New Escape Route

Shortly afterwards Mario took Snell and Lewis out to have their photographs taken, and next morning woke them early in bed, handed them identity cards with their photographs on and said, "Tonight you go to Switzerland." They were to be the first to try a new escape route just surveyed by Don Monari, the shy young priest. Anna, they discovered later, had been within ten seconds of being caught when, at her third attempt, she had sneaked behind a German's back at the town hall to put the official stamp on their identity cards.

Two guides led the way to Modena station that evening, and when the train came in it was crammed and in almost total darkness. The four of them squeezed in. Snell was carrying a case and he swung it up on to a rack. It would not stay on, so he gave it a hard shove and it knocked another case off the other side of the rack on to a sleeping Italian's head. There was a shriek and a frenzied torrent of Italian. Snell tried to back away into the unyielding mass of bodies wedged in the corridor, but one of the guides saved him by taking the blame and apologizing humbly.

This worn and faded photograph from Snell's album is of Anna, the pretty Italian girl partisan who risked her life to stamp a fake identity card which Snell used on his escape

It was a tedious trip; they left the train at Milan early in the morning and went into the buffet for a drink. Suddenly Lewis spun round, gulped his drink and hurried outside. Snell and the two guides followed and found him sitting on a seat, rather pale. "What the devil's wrong?" Snell asked irritably.

Lewis gulped and said, "I suddenly saw I was standing next to the Italian officer who took me off Sicily in his landing craft to a hospital ship."

"Oh, my God!" Snell said. "Did he——?"

"No. Don't think so. I was covered in bandages then. It gave me a shock, that's all."

They were both nervy now; the light confidence they had acquired in the past few weeks had abruptly evaporated. Just before dawn a prosperous-looking man spoke to one of their guides, who smiled and greeted him warmly and introduced him to Snell and Lewis as their mentor for the next stage. The new guide did not waste time; he already had their tickets and led Snell and Lewis into one of a string of cattle trucks at another platform.

The train moved off soon after, and an hour later a ticket collector came into the truck and asked for tickets. Lewis handed over his; the conductor looked at it and shot a sharp question at Lewis, who looked back blankly, having no idea what it was all about. The ticket collector repeated his question, and Lewis knew that everyone in the truck was looking intently at him. Hesitantly he pointed to a scar on the side of his face, made some unintelligible mumbling noises and, to his enormous relief, the guide took charge of the situation, saying to the conductor and pointing at Lewis, "He is deaf and dumb from the bombing."

The conductor, instantly sympathetic, explained that Lewis had given up the wrong part of his ticket. The guide took the correct stub from Lewis, gave it to the conductor and then, with a touch of genius, pretended to tell Lewis what was wrong in mock deaf and dumb signs.

Snell whispered to Lewis a little later, "I must say this organization has got some pretty clueful guides." Lewis was about to agree with great warmth when he suddenly remembered he was deaf and dumb and pretended not to hear. He did not think he could stand another crisis.

Hideout In A Pigsty

The train puttered slowly across the countryside and in the late afternoon jerked to a stop at a tiny hamlet west of Turin. A fair-haired boy of about sixteen walked along the line of trucks, recognized the guide and grinned and beckoned. As he dropped to the ground out of the truck Snell saw the Alps towering rugged and snow-capped almost overhead. The boy pointed at them and said, "Switzerland." It was a considerable thrill.

Most of the villagers, the boy explained, made their living by smuggling goods over the frontier. "Goods" included refugees and escapers. The boy led them to a pigsty, saying that it was a good spot to hide till dusk, and so Snell and Lewis chewed bread and cheese sitting

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Adolf Hitler (6) *Alan Bullock describes the conspiracy that nearly shortened the war*

THE GENERALS PLOT TO ASSASSINATE HITLER

BY THE BEGINNING of 1944, the men who had determined to kill Hitler as the first step to overthrowing the Nazi régime knew that they were working against time. The final phase of the war was about to open with the Allied invasion of the west, which could not be long delayed: if they were to get rid of Hitler and make a compromise peace, they had to act before the Allies were at the gates of Germany.

Every day that passed added to the risks of discovery; the secret police were already getting uncomfortably close. As early as April, 1943, several of the conspirators had been arrested; with magnificent constancy, they kept silence under the most brutal examination and torture. But they were hard to replace, and the use of the Counter-Intelligence Department of the High Command (the Abwehr) as the cover for the plot became impossible. General Oster of the Abwehr, who had held all the strings of the conspiracy, was transferred at the end of 1943; early in the New Year the whole Intelligence Service was reorganized and placed under Himmler, whose agents continued to make arrests, without, fortunately, uncovering the mainspring of the plot.

The new centre for the conspiracy, after the original Abwehr group had been broken up, was the headquarters of the reserve army, whose chief of staff, General Olbricht, had long been involved in the anti-Nazi opposition. Olbricht brought in as a new recruit his chief assistant, Colonel Claus Schenk, Count von Stauffenberg, who rapidly took Oster's place and assumed the principal rôle in the preparations to assassinate Hitler.

A Fearless Character

Stauffenberg was thirty-six when he joined the opposition in 1943, and had already had a gallant military career. A big, powerfully built man, he came of an old South German Catholic family and possessed a forceful and fearless character. One of his delights was to recite Stefan George's famous poem on the Anti-Christ, and apply its descriptive passages to the figure of Adolf Hitler. During the North African campaign Stauffenberg had lost an eye, his right hand and two fingers of his left hand. These injuries had led to his appointment to an administrative post in Berlin, and he threw himself heart and soul into organizing the conspiracy.

The essential condition of a successful revolt was the removal of Hitler. Until Hitler was dead, Germany's army commanders would not move. But much more had to be done than to arrange for Hitler's assassination. Careful plans had to be made for seizing control of the machinery of State and overpowering the S.S., the police and the Nazi party. To find reliable forces to capture the key positions in Berlin was in itself a most difficult task, involving the delicate problem of discovering those officers who could be trusted, and then sounding them out. At the same time, sympathisers had to be found in the other principal centres, like Paris and Vienna, who would act at an agreed signal and forestall the attempt of the Nazi authorities to take over control, once Hitler had been killed.

Detailed plans were drawn up in the H.Q. of the reserve army under the code name "Operation Valkyrie." They were disguised as preparations to deal with internal unrest. The orders to be sent out began with the statement that Hitler was dead and that the black-shirted S.S. had attempted to carry out a *coup d'état*. To prevent this, the army had assumed power and, with the proclamation of a state of emergency, ordered the subordination of all authorities throughout Germany to the armed forces. The army commanders were instructed to disarm the S.S. and place all party, police and S.S. officers under arrest. These orders, once drafted and signed, were carefully put away under lock and key to await the day.

Formed Secret Government

Meanwhile, discussions continued to settle who was to join the government to be set up on Hitler's overthrow, and what policy they were to pursue. Although the execution of the *putsch* was left in the hands of the army officers, a wider circle, including a considerable number of civilians, was concerned in the conspiracy. There were divergences of opinion, especially over the foreign policy to be adopted: were they to make the first approach to Russia (as Stauffenberg favoured) or to the Western Allies (as most of the older men wanted)?

The new government was to be headed by the two recognized older leaders of the opposition, General Beck, once chief of staff of the German army, now to become Head of the State, and Karl Goerdeler, once Chief Burgomaster of Leipzig and Commissioner for Price Control, now to become Chancellor. The Vice-Chancellor was to be Wilhelm Leuschner, a woodworker by trade. A former trade union leader, Leuschner had been active in building up a trade union underground movement under cover of a small factory in Berlin which he set up for making a new device for filling beer-glasses in bars.

As commander-in-chief of the armed forces, Field Marshal Erwin von Witzleben was named; he was one of the generals who had led the attack on France in 1940. The new commander-in-chief of the reserve army was to be General

The damage caused by Stauffenberg's bomb.

Hoeppner, who had led the armoured spearhead in the thrust for Moscow and had been subsequently dismissed by the Fuehrer.

Despite the handicap of his injuries, Stauffenberg claimed the task of eliminating Hitler for himself. As the representative of the C.-in-C. of the reserve army he had access to the conferences which Hitler had with his commanders; his plan was to conceal a bomb with a delayed-action fuse in his briefcase, to set off the fuse and get out of the conference room on an excuse, leaving the rest to be destroyed by the explosion.

On July 11, Stauffenberg attended a conference in Hitler's mountain home at Berchtesgaden. He had the bomb with him, but when he found that Himmler and Goering were absent he decided to wait for a better chance to kill all the leading Nazis at once.

Police Were Closing In

A second chance presented itself on July 15, when Stauffenberg was summoned to the Fuehrer's H.Q. in East Prussia for another conference; this time Hitler was called away before Stauffenberg was ready, and again he returned to Berlin with his mission unaccomplished.

The strain was beginning to tell heavily on all the conspirators, and the danger of discovery and arrest was now very great. For at the beginning of July, two of the Socialist members of the group had been arrested following an attempt to make contact with an underground Communist organization. Then, on July 17, a warrant was issued for the arrest of Karl Goerdeler; the police were getting near the centre of the plot.

Goerdeler went underground—not too difficult

Hitler, who escaped from the room with burns, surprised everyone by his calmness. Here he shows the wreckage to Mussolini, who arrived shortly after

a job in the confusion of the heavily bombed capital. It had already been agreed between Stauffenberg and General Beck that the third attempt must succeed, whatever the risks. On Thursday, July 20, Stauffenberg had to attend another conference at the Feuhrer's H.Q. This time he would set off the bomb, come what may.

At The Fuehrer's H.Q.

July 20, 1944, dawned hot and fine. Most of the conspirators had spent a sleepless night, their nerves screwed up to the highest pitch. Early in the morning Stauffenberg, accompanied by his aide, Lieutenant von Haeften, drove out to an aerodrome on the outskirts of Berlin and took off on his flight to East Prussia. He carried the precious briefcase, and a pair of tongs so that he could operate the fuse with his crippled hand.

At Rastenberg, in the heart of one of the most remote parts of Germany, the Fuehrer's H.Q. was housed in a collection of concrete bunkers in the depths of a forest, surrounded by a triple ring of defences, each heavily guarded. No one, however, questioned the pass of the young, striking-looking colonel with the useless arm and black patch over his eye.

Mussolini was expected to arrive that afternoon, and the hour of the midday conference had therefore been altered to twelve thirty. A second and much more important change, which in the end saved Hitler's life, was the transfer of the conference from the usual underground concrete bunker to a large wooden hut. This was partly due to the repairs which were being carried out in the bunker, and partly to the intense heat.

The conference had already begun when Stauffenberg entered and was briefly introduced to the Fuehrer. Himmler, Goering and Ribbentrop were not among the twenty-odd men standing around a big wooden table, on which was spread out a number of large-scale staff maps. Hitler, whose back was to the door, was listening to a report on the Eastern Front.

Stauffenberg took up his position on Hitler's right, nearer to one end of the table, under which he placed his brief case as casually as possible. Before entering the room he had excused himself to visit the lavatory and had succeeded in setting off the fuse. After a minute or two, Stauffenberg conveniently remembered a phone call which he had to make to Berlin and, leaving his briefcase in the care of his neighbour, Colonel Brandt, went out of the conference room. Brandt pushed the briefcase farther under the table with his foot, and there it lay on the far side of one of the heavy supports which held the table up. The conference continued.

When The Bomb Went Off

Suddenly, at ten minutes to one, a tremendous explosion blew the room to bits. Hitler, who was leaning across the table to study one of the maps, was protected from the blast both by the table top and by the support against which the briefcase was leaning. His trouser-legs were blown off, his right leg burned and his right arm temporarily paralysed. A beam from the roof fell across and bruised his back, and both his ear drums were damaged by the shock of the explosion. But he was alive.

The men who had been standing at the end of the table, to Hitler's right, were either killed outright or fatally injured. Amid the groans of the wounded and the cries for help, Hitler stumbled through the wreckage and the bodies to the open air. Nobody had any idea what had happened; for some time it was thought that a bomb had been dropped by a raiding plane. The hut had been blown to bits, but the flimsy wooden walls had allowed the full force of the explosion to escape in a way which would have been impossible if the conference had been held, as Stauffenberg had expected, in the usual concrete bunker.

Bluffed His Way Out

Meanwhile, Stauffenberg, who had been waiting for the sound of the explosion, hurriedly left for the aerodrome. He succeeded in bluffing his way past the guards on the excuse of urgent messages to be carried to Berlin, and took off for the capital in the sure belief that everyone in the conference room must have been killed. The essential preliminary achieved, his one anxiety now was to get back to Berlin and see that the seizure of power went according to plan.

Back in Berlin the conspirators were without news until the middle of the afternoon. Those most directly involved met in General Olbricht's office at the War Ministry on the Bendlerstrasse, among them General Beck, Field Marshal Witzleben, and ex-General Hoeppner, who brought his uniform in a suitcase and changed inside the building. The orders, duly signed by Witzleben as the new C.-in-C. of the armed forces, were ready to go out, but nothing could be done until news was received that the attempt had been successful.

Finally, shortly after half-past three, Stauffenberg's aide, Lieutenant Haeften, rang up from the aerodrome: the bomb had gone off and

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The Singer, not the Song

by ***AUDREY ERSKINE LINDOP***

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

To the little girl, Malo was a nightmare, a devil in human form. She was terribly afraid for Father Keogh

QUANTANA, in Mexico, was a village of fear. Father Michael Patrick Keogh, the new priest, felt surrounded by an invisible, almost supernatural evil. He had seen what had happened to his predecessor, little Father Gomez: broken in body and soul, the old, frightened priest had died in the bus that took him away. Young Father Keogh knew he must fight for his faith, and that it would be a struggle to the death—against a man called Anacleto Comachi.

Anacleto, nicknamed Malo or Bad-One-of-the-Cats, was no ordinary bandit. A young man of feline beauty and satanic charm, he ruled the village by gang-law. His chief weapons were terror and corruption: his chief enemy, the Church. Anyone who stood in his way was removed by—carefully planned murder: the police were powerless against the conspiracy of silence around each crime. There had been six victims so far—in alphabetical order.

Father Keogh set about his task. Helped by

friendly Sam Frankenson, a bibulous American bartender at a local hotel, he cleaned out the dust-laden church. He tolled the bell, which had been silent for years. Then he went among his parishioners, asking them to come to church.

Many wanted to come, but were too scared of Malo. The Presidente Municipal; the Chief of Police; wealthy Don Pedro de Cortinez and his languorous wife Doña Marian—they all had their excuses. Father Keogh, with shrewd good humour, sized them up.

He was particularly interested in the Cortinez family, for their pretty, precocious little daughter Locha had been his first ally in the village. She was one of the very few who came to confession. The child obviously liked him: her pet tortoise, once called Malo, had been rechristened Micky in his honour. Yet Malo exercised a strange fascination over her still.

Quantana settled down to watch the duel between priest and bandit. Father Keogh did not underestimate his opponent. He remembered that G had been the last letter in Malo's murder list—and Father Gomez had died. The day he learned of the death, he met Malo in the street. Smiling, Malo held up four fingers: H, I, J and K. The implication was plain: unless Father Keogh got out of Quantana, he would be responsible for the deaths of three innocent people before his own. . . .

PART 3

The Presidente's Wife

REPORTS OF Father Keogh's encounter with Malo quickly spread. There were sighs among the older people. "It's a pity, because he's a nice priest. It's a long time since we had such a nice priest."

Quantana watched Father Keogh carefully. It was anxious to see what weapon the new priest would choose. The new priest chose his voice. Because few would come to church to hear it, he used it in the streets. He used it on the stage in the cinema, and he spoke at the doorway of every private house. "Are you afraid to match the power of God against the power of a single man?"

In Porfirio's bar they copied him. "Are you afraid to match the power of God against the power of a single man?" They made fun of the priest's deep voice. Even Malo laughed.

Father Keogh said: "This man Malo has no supernatural powers. He is human like anyone else. He is powerful because of the powers you give him—if you took those away, he'd be lost. . . ."

The doctor, giving an anaesthetic to a patient in the dentist's chair, remarked: "You've got to admire his pluck."

"It isn't pluck," the dentist snapped. "It's pig-headed conceit, that's all. He ought to know about supernatural powers. Their whole faith is built up on black magic. There's more corruption in the Catholic Church than you'll ever find in Anacleto's set-up."

The doctor remembered that the dentist was tied to a wife whom he detested and that he could never be free of her because she was a Catholic.

". . . Pray!" Father Keogh urged the people of Quantana. "Pray whenever you have the chance. Pray in the streets, at your work, in your beds. It won't fail you. You'll very soon see the results. . . ."

Now and again Father Keogh was asked inside a house. The occupants were careful to tell their neighbours that they had no alternative. "What can you do when he's standing there? You can't very well shut him out."

They were uneasy with him at first, and unresponsive; but theirs was a friendly nature and his was a friendly approach. He played with their children, took an interest in their domestic problems and discussed the latest films with them. He laughed and teased and joked with them. It was not easy to shut him out. They gave him buns and made him coffee. But they always remarked to their neighbours: "What can you do when he's sitting there? It's not polite to give him nothing."

He had permission from the bishop to make use of his medical knowledge. He attended minor injuries, gave advice on minor ailments and even doctored pets. Quantana was grateful for these attentions. The doctor was overworked and he cost money. The priest gave assistance for nothing.

Father Keogh wrote to his bishop:

"I feel like a commercial traveller. If it wasn't for the fact that most Mexican doors seem to be permanently open, I might have to put my foot in some of them! So far I haven't had any active interference from the Gran-Señor-of-the-Cats. He hasn't thrown everything at me yet. No doubt it's the lull before the storm. He's probably collecting missiles. The congregation is still pitifully thin."

He was pleasantly surprised, one day, to see the congregation augmented by the Presidente. He was even more surprised to see him appear in the confessional.

It was early in the morning, and Father Keogh had not heard a car. The Presidente must have come up the hill on his "bad" feet. Father Keogh refrained from inquiring after them. His pleasant surprise was short-lived. The Presidente had come to extract a confession, not to make one.

"Now, Father, you noticed my wife?"

"A very beautiful woman," Father Keogh observed. He was a little taken aback at the aggression in the Presidente's voice.

"Did you think she looked a good woman?"

Father Keogh answered evenly: "Have you reason to suppose that she isn't?"

"You fellows have inside information, Father. You're trained to look out for bad morals in people."

"Yes, but we don't use a social visit to come spying out for sins."

"Now, Father, I want the truth from you—is my wife good or bad?"

"I'm not in the best position to judge," Father Keogh pointed out. "You are in the best position to do that, and I asked you what made you suspect her."

The Presidente licked his lips. "There is the question of my seventh child, Father."

"Yes?"

"You saw it," the Presidente snapped. "Did you think it looked like me?"

"I wasn't looking out for likenesses," Father Keogh said. "But a child doesn't necessarily take after his parents. He can take after an aunt or an uncle, or one of his ancestors."

"He does not take after one of his ancestors. He takes after the Señor Engineer who lives next door."

FATHER KEOGH took a breath. "Have you any idea when or how many times this adultery took place?"

"It is only eighteen months ago since this man moved next door. My child is six months old, Father. It's not such a hard sum to work out."

There was silence until Father Keogh said: "How much do you love your wife?"

The Presidente's face was wet, and he put a handkerchief to it repeatedly, wiping off the sweat. "She is my torment, Father—my torment, and my treasure."

Father Keogh could not see the face clearly. But he winced at the pain in the voice. "Then I think I should cleanse your mind of all suspicion, Don Agapito. After all, you have no proof. You have only your fears. They might not be justified. You love your wife, and you have your wife. Why not hold on to that happiness? If you mistrust her, you'll lose her. You don't want that. You'll drive yourself away from her. You'll be depriving yourself of everything you hold most dear. Why don't you cleanse your mind of all suspicion? Why don't you try to trust her?"

When the Presidente left the confessional, Father Keogh's own face felt a little wet. He was disturbed by conflicting impressions; by the sound of the pain in the Presidente's voice, and the expression he remembered in the eyes of the Presidente's wife. It was hard to believe that the advice he had given was justified. He prayed that it might be so.

On Sunday a few extra people braved the church, inspired by the Presidente. The congregation, including the Presidente, had multiplied by five. During the service, Father Keogh

Malo held out his hand for the flower, but Locha put it behind her back. She could not take her eyes from his face: it drove every thought from her mind. "You—you don't *look* bad," she said

swept anxious eyes over them. They struck him as fairly attentive.

Outside the church, Locha waylaid him as he was leaving.

She had a special piece of news for him. She had a new governess: "Father says the English education is the best, and he doesn't want me to talk like mother, so that's why I've got Miss Finch. She says there's nowhere like Sheppet in Dorset."

"Well, I dare say that she's geographically right."

He looked up to see Miss Finch waiting for her charge at the bottom of the steps. He walked down to her with the child's hand in his own.

There was a lack of distinction about Miss Finch that could almost lay claim to distinction. Her shantung suit and the stitched shantung hat had the same sallow tones as her skin. She carried a Japanese parasol such as his mother had carried in the early twenties, and she wore white buckskin shoes and white gloves. Her voice and her smile had a gentle hesitancy that made her frankness sound doubly surprising.

"How do you do? I do not approve of Roman Catholicism, so I should prefer that we did not discuss it."

"Quite," Father Keogh said, and was aware that the reply was inadequate.

He placed Locha's hand in the hand of Miss Finch. He could not take his eyes off her parasol.

"Mr. Keogh, I find that Locha's diction is very poor for a child of her age, and as she seems to have some attachment for you, I was wondering if you would be good enough to go out of your way to stress the end syllables of your words in front of her. It would set her a good example."

"I'll try," Father Keogh promised her and felt that he had been dismissed.

It became more and more rare for Father Keogh to have a free period to himself. He had attended twenty-eight sick calls, and fourteen appeals from the so-called dying, during his brief residence in Quantana. Eight had come from Tephuango and four from the village beyond. None of them proved to be urgent. He suspected that the people were indulging in the lost luxury of demanding the attendance of a priest. When they found that Malo appeared to have no objections, they sent for Father Keogh on the slightest provocation.

One evening, when he found himself with a spare hour before dinner, he told his housekeeper Chela not to disturb him, and sat down to recite his Office.

There were times when he was only just able to perform this duty before midnight ran it into the task for the following day. It meant that the Office had often to be said with an eye to the passing of time, rather than an eye to the deep concentration which it was his private delight to give it. He felt this personal forfeiture very keenly.

He had scarcely formed the first dozen words with his lips when Chela called through the door to him. Because she was afraid to interrupt him, she compromised by making her message inaudible. He had to open the door himself before he could grasp the gist of it.

"Yes, well, I told them you were sleeping—but they say that the matter is urgent."

"What is it, Chela?"

"They say that it is somebody dying, Father."

Father Keogh closed his breviary and sighed. He went to the medical cabinet and took out a bottle of bicarbonate of soda. He added six finger dressings and a laxative and put them in a briefcase.

"Have you the things with you to give him the blessed sacrament, Father?"

"Yes. Who is it that wants me, Chela?"

"Well, I'm afraid it's somewhere you won't like to go, Father . . . it's Porfirio's saloon."

"In Porfirio's—who is it needing me there, Chela?"

"Well, they say that it's Old Uncle Joaquin——"

He found the little hunchback called the Jeep waiting for him outside. "What is it?" he asked. "An accident?"

The Jeep spoke quietly, his squeaky voice solemn. "We don't know, Father, he's very sick. He fell down on the floor—and when we put our hands to his heart it felt like a bird that was trapped in his chest. He is dying and he wants a priest, Father. Anacleto sent me up for you."

"Anacleto sent you up?"

"Anacleto says if he wants a priest he must have a priest. Old Uncle is dying, Father."

"Anacleto's gone up in my estimation," Father Keogh said.

Outside Porfirio's bar Malo was waiting. He took Father Keogh's hand and held it a moment. "It is good of you to come."

"It's my duty to come," said Father Keogh. "Have you sent for the doctor?"

Malo shook his head. "We think it's too late for the doctor, Father. He says he wants to confess."

Father Keogh walked into the bar. He saw Old Uncle Joaquin stretched out on the floor. He lay on his stomach and he was sobbing. The others stood by, respectfully allowing Father Keogh to pass. They muttered "Good evening, Father," and their voices were low and their faces grave.

Pablo and Lorenzo held Old Uncle down, but he struggled against them, bellowing: "The priest, I say, I want the priest. Holy Mother of God, I *want* the priest!"

Father Keogh went down on one knee beside him. He put a hand on his heart and felt his pulse. Then he smelt his breath. "You're drunk, my friend," he told him quietly. "That's all that's the matter with you."

Someone sniggered behind him. It was Porfirio, hand to mouth. Father Keogh looked around. They stared at him, their faces grave.

Old Uncle clutched at him. His voice was blurred and his eyes were bloodshot. His hands pulled frantically at Father Keogh. "I am dying, I have to confess. I have been a bad man, but it wasn't so always. Listen, Father. . . ."

Father Keogh said to Malo: "You knew this man was drunk, of course."

Malo stood over him, his shoulders shrugging. His tone was injured, his eyes reproachful. "He told us he was dying, Father."

"You mean *you* told him he was dying." Then Father Keogh added: "Don't think you've scored off me. I don't happen to mind in the least, but it was a dangerous joke to play on a man in this condition. You'll be all right," he told Old Uncle. "Your friends were amusing themselves."

Old Uncle rolled over. He slithered forward on his stomach towards Father Keogh's feet, and gripped him round the ankles. "Stay here—there's something I have to show you. I have the right to a priest." Then he put his face in the crook of his arm, and his sobs shook his broad back. "Mother of God, I am dying!"

Father Keogh bent down, put his hands under Old Uncle Joaquin's armpits and dragged the drunken man to the wall. When he propped him up, Old Uncle's head rolled. "I have something to show you that I don't want the others to see." He made his voice intimate and beckoned the priest. "Round my neck, Father, see? I always wear it." He put a hand inside his shirt and pulled up a string. It was so long that it did not show above his neck line and the medal that hung on the end of it must have reached his waist. It was a replica of the Virgin of Guadeloupe stamped on to a canvas back. It was faded and greasy and the canvas was black.

Father Keogh went to finger it, but Old Uncle

Careering from side to side, the car raced down

snatched it away. It disappeared swiftly beneath his shirt again.

Father Keogh said to him: "If you want to confess I'll hear you gladly, but that doesn't mean you are dying."

Old Uncle's tears flowed. "You're good to me, Father, yes, you're good. Did you know I was an acolyte once?" He had a little difficulty with the word and said it carefully twice through his teeth, then he put a finger against his lips. "Shush! I was beautiful—yes, I was beautiful. None of these sons of bitches here know how beautiful I was. Except for Anacleto—he is not a son of a bitch. Tinkle, tinkle," Old Uncle sighed and rang an imaginary bell in his black-haired fist. "Tinkle, tinkle, three times at the *Sanctus*—eh, Father? Well, Father, isn't that right?"

"Quite right," Father Keogh smiled. "Would you like to be a server again, Old Uncle? I need one badly. Would you like to?"

"Tinkle, tinkle," Old Uncle sobbed. And added: "Listen, I have to confess."

"Why not come up to the church tomorrow? It's not very private here."

Old Uncle's head shook. "I am dying, Father—it's now that I have to confess." He leant over, supported himself on one arm and put wet lips to the priest's left ear. His breath struck it, sickly and hot. "You know what we are? Bandits. Except for Anacleto—he is no bandit. Anacleto is someone above."

"I know," Father Keogh said.

Old Uncle's eyes rolled round and a slyness

the mountain road. "It's the wheel!" Domingo shouted. "Mother of God, I cannot steer the car!"

crept over his face. He glanced under his lashes at Father Keogh, and he made his slurring voice childishly nonchalant. "One time a man disappeared. He knew something, see, that he shouldn't have known—I forget what it was—but he knew it. You know where he went? He went into a river."

"Who was it?" Father Keogh asked him.

"Don José," Old Uncle said.

"Can you remember who did it, my son?"

Old Uncle's expression was crafty again. "Sure," he said carefully, "sure. I did it."

"Why are you lying?" asked Father Keogh. "I can tell it's a lie by your face."

Old Uncle clutched at him. "I say it's the truth—Father, you know what? Anacleto's young—maybe he's done some things he shouldn't, but he's young—not like me. I am old. I am the old one, Father. I haven't a son, but a father should care for his own son, shouldn't he? Anacleto's been like my son. If a son sins, it's the father's fault, isn't it?"

"Sometimes," Father Keogh said.

"Yes, well, it's my fault—my fault, see? I am the old one, I could have stopped him. . . ."

At the end of the room they were faking a confession. The Jeep was confessing to Lorenzo. He gave loud sobs and screwed up his little white face. "And then, Father, you've not heard half of it—you don't know what I did to this girl. . . ." They looked round towards Malo for appreciation. But his eyes cut across them towards old Uncle Joaquin and the priest. "But it wasn't as bad as what that girl did to me, Father. Oh my! You should sample that girl."

Old Uncle's hands found Father Keogh's. They made the priest's hands wet. "There's something else, Father, I should have confessed. It was something about Anacleto." He screwed up his eyes and his mouth fell open in a hideous attempt to remember. "Something to do with spelling, Father—something to do with the saying of letters, but these letters make no sort of word."

"Can you remember them?" Father Keogh asked him. "Perhaps I could work them out?"

Old Uncle held his head and recited. "H—I—J—no, yes, that was right—but those letters! They don't make sense."

"H, I, J, *K*?" Father Keogh asked him.

Old Uncle nodded, his eyes dull.

"Yes, Father, you have to absolve him for that. But those letters, they don't seem to spell anything. What word could such letters spell?"

"Death," Father Keogh told him. He looked steadily down at him. It might be possible, he thought, that in believing himself to be dying and in sending for a priest Old Uncle could have surprised within himself a moment of sincerity.

He bent down and touched Old Uncle's shoulder. "You're not going to die—get that into your head—but if you still want to confess when you're sober tomorrow, come to see me."

Next morning there was no one in church except Chela. At half past eleven two men paid Father Keogh a visit. They were Malo and Old Uncle. They walked into his room without knocking. He was saying his rosary and he kept them waiting until he had finished.

"Well," he said then to Old Uncle, "how's the hangover?"

"What did he tell you last night?" It was Malo who put the question.

"I'm not allowed to repeat his confession to you without his permission," Father Keogh replied.

Old Uncle's clumsy features bore the traces of the last night's debauch. His eyes were ringed and his skin blotched. His expression was close and resentful.

"You may tell Anacleto," he said. "What was it I told you last night?"

"That you were sorry for your sins."

Malo's soft voice inquired: "What were these —sins?"

"He accused himself, in a roundabout way," Father Keogh admitted, "of having missed his opportunities of preventing *you* from sinning. Also that Don José was forcibly drowned. He told me that he had committed this crime himself. He was lying," Father Keogh observed.

"What else?" urged Old Uncle. "What else did I say?"

"A fragment of the alphabet."

"How curious that he should consider such a small piece of learning a sin," Malo said.

Father Keogh said, "Yes."

"Which bit of it did he remember, Father?"

Father Keogh answered: "H, I, J and K!"

Malo turned to Old Uncle. "Well, well—you were certainly drunk, old friend!" Then he asked Father Keogh: "And do you not feel obliged to tell us what conclusion you drew from a stupid confession like that?"

"I don't think so," Father Keogh said, "except that I did not conclude that it was stupid. By the way, there was no one in church this morning except my housekeeper. Why was that?"

"I felt obliged to stop them."

"So you have got a little respect for the Church after all?"

"Perhaps I have a little respect for *you* after all, Father."

After they had left, Father Keogh went out himself. He climbed the hill towards the Casa Grande.

Locha was not behind the gates as usual. She was inside taking dictation from Miss Finch.

When she heard his voice in the hall she came skipping out to greet him. "Hallo, hallo, hallo!" she sang at him.

"Hallo," said Father Keogh. "What happened to you this morning? Why didn't you come to church?"

"Oh, Josefa said it wasn't safe."

"What does she mean by not safe?"

Miss Finch appeared behind the child and came forward, hand extended. "Good morning, Mr. Keogh. Locha, go back to your tasks at once. I understand, Mr. Keogh, that there are certain undesirable influences at work in the town, and Mr. de Cortinez thought it better for the child not to attend the service this morning."

"Malo put the word round," Locha said excitedly.

"What sort of word?"

"He said that he didn't want us to go to church any more."

"But *I* want you to go," said Father Keogh. "So whom do you want to please most?"

"Mr. Keogh, do you think it's wise to incite the child? From what I gather this Malo man sounds somewhat disagreeably inclined. Personally, I fail to understand why he's not under lock and key."

"I am hoping it won't be long before he is," Father Keogh told her. "May I speak to Don Pedro or Doña Marian?"

"By all means," said Miss Finch. "Locha, did you hear what I said to you, dear? Go back

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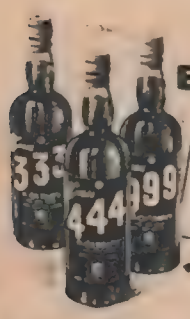

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to your desk—you have work to do."

The child went backwards towards the door blowing kisses to Father Keogh. Father Keogh blew one back. She put her head round the door again. "My tortoise isn't called Micky-Malo now, Father Keogh. I've dropped off the Malo." Father Keogh smiled at her and then turned again to Miss Finch. "That child is very sweet."

"She's a curious combination," confided Miss Finch. "She's advanced for her age and yet very backward. I suppose it's the life she has led. Is there no method of restraining this Malo man, Mr. Keogh?"

"He has a rather complicated hold on the place, Miss Finch."

"Indeed? Well, as I said, I am not in favour of Roman Catholicism myself, but I believe in religious tolerance. I think it's disgraceful that he should be allowed to influence people against practising their faith. One might say it smacked of dictatorship."

"One might indeed, Miss Finch."

DOÑA MARIAN was indisposed, and Don Pedro sent a message to the effect that he had forbidden his daughter to attend church until further notice. He regretted that he was engaged and could not receive Father Keogh.

Miss Finch accompanied him out to the great iron gates. "Personally," she said, "I feel that one shouldn't give in to these people. I offered to take the child to church myself. I feel that a family of this standing should set a good example."

"I entirely agree with you," Father Keogh said. "And it was very nice of you to offer to take her to church."

"Not at all. The vicar of my home village, Mr. Minter, of Sheppet, found himself in a similar position once."

"What, with bandits?"

"Well, no, but with undesirables. You would hardly credit it, Mr. Keogh—I am not given to exaggeration, but there was some quite unrepeatable language chalked up on the walls of the church."

"How disgraceful," Father Keogh said. "What did he do about it?"

"Well, he gave a very stern address from the pulpit the following Sunday and he put a picket at the gates."

They shook hands and they waved to each other. Father Keogh went down the hill, dwelling a little wistfully upon the trials and tribulations of the Reverend Mr. Minter, of Sheppet.

It was a deadlock all over the town. They avoided him with a variety of courteous excuses; they were unexpectedly busy. They were unavoidably detained. They had sudden symptoms of ill-health, which did not apparently require Father Keogh's attention. Relatives whom they had not seen for years had chosen that particular inconvenient moment to call. They had to make urgent visitations to friends whom they saw every day. They would have been delighted to entertain the padre on any other occasion but on the occasion he happened to call. They were genuinely apologetic.

But the fact remained that, like Don Pedro, they thought it wiser not to be connected with the church or its priest until further notice.

Father Keogh went into the bar of the Hotel de la Costa to cheer himself up by a talk with Sam Frankenson.

"Hiya, bud. I hear Pussyfoot's putting the skids under you."

"He appears to have enforced a ban on church-going."

"He's scared of you, bud. What are you having?"

"Have you anything soft?"

The dentist walked into the bar. "Good morning, Señor Campos," Father Keogh said.

The dentist ignored him and sat on a stool. "Beer," he said to Sam. Sam slammed it in front of him and went back to Father Keogh. "You know something, bud? You want to watch out for these guys."

"Yes, they told me that themselves."

"They did? Did you go to the *jefe*?"

"It wouldn't be much good if I did, would it?"

"Maybe no, maybe yes. He could keep his eyes skinned for them. It's maybe what he's looking for, a chance to catch 'em at something red-handed."

"What, make myself a bait for them?" Father Keogh sipped a Coca-Cola. "Well, you know, Sam, that's not what I'm aiming at—trying to encourage them to misbehave themselves, I mean. I hope to encourage them to behave themselves. They're part of my flock as well."

"Some flock!" Sam sympathized. "Well, maybe it doesn't say much for him, but Pussyfoot's the best out of that bunch."

"I'm inclined to agree," said Father Keogh.

"There's one thing I kind of like about Pussyfoot. He could've set himself up as a Communist, or God's gift to suckers, or anyone of these guys with ideals that make it worse for folks, but Pussyfoot just set up as Pussyfoot and let it go at that—and no gags about doing anybody any good but himself."

"I know," said Father Keogh. "I rather admire him for that."

The dentist sipped his beer. He looked at neither of them.

"Do you want anything from Huapan, Sam?" Father Keogh asked.

"Why, you going to Huapan, bud?"

"Yes. I thought I'd go down on the mid-week bus."

"Nope. I guess Quantana fulfils all my desires. The drink's the same anywhere. Here's mud in those eyes."

"Cheers," Father Keogh said.

He had other matters to attend to. Later, when he returned home, he found a note for him. It was unsigned and it was in block letters. YOU WILL BE UNWISE IF YOU TRAVEL BY BUS.

"Maria of the Gaseosa stall's third little granddaughter brought it," Chela told him. "A man gave it to her. Another man had given it to him."

He wondered if it was Sam playing a practical joke and went to see him. Sam disclaimed responsibility.

"But I haven't told anyone else but you that I'm going, Sam."

Sam clicked his fingers. "The dentist, Campos, bud! That guy's ears were flapping so hard I felt the draught right down my neck."

Father Keogh called round at the dentist's surgery. Campos was pounding a filling and his glasses glinted. "I know nothing about it, Padre. I don't listen to people's talk."

FATHER KEOGH thanked him and went to the chief of police. The *jefe* pushed a bottle of mescal towards him. "No, thank you," Father Keogh said. "Do you think it's a practical joke?"

The *jefe* shook his head. "It's a genuine warning. You must have hidden well-wishers." He brooded over it for a moment. "Do you have to go to Huapan?"

"Yes, I want to go to confession and it seems a good time now that everything's quiet."

"We could give you an armed escort," said the *jefe*. "That might put them off if they're planning a hold-up, though they haven't done that for some time."

"Oh, now, look here," said Father Keogh. "If there's any risk of that I won't go by bus. I don't want to endanger the other passengers."

"How will you go, then?"

"I'll hire that young scoundrel Domingo who charges double every time he has to change gear."

"All right," smiled the *jefe*. "Get the price settled first, and if anything else happens let me know. I'd better hold on to this." He put the note in a file and gave the priest a mock salute. Father Keogh saluted back.

Father Keogh left with Domingo at four o'clock in the morning. He carried a flask of coffee. When they came to the Hua Pass, he asked Domingo to stop. He climbed out of the car and stood on the edge looking down at the platform of rock that jutted out below the Hua caves. They had circled halfway round the mountain so that Quantana was hidden from view.

He lit a cigarette and the wind buffeted him, snatching the smoke

away. The valley stretched green and lush beneath him, and the lake shone like a fragment of splintered glass.

He kept his eyes on the Hua ledge. It was barren and stones had tumbled on to it. It made a stark monument to little Father Gomez who had stood upon it to draw the soldiers' fire from his escaping flock. Father Keogh trod out his cigarette and prayed silently for Father Gomez. He stayed for a moment watching the delicately tinted clouds.

When he returned to the car, Domingo kept up a running conversation that demanded no reply. After a while, Father Keogh closed his eyes and slept a little.

He must have been asleep for twenty minutes when he heard Domingo scream. He shot forward, holding the back of the seat. "What is it? What's happened? Are you ill?"

The car raced down the mountain road careering from side to side.

"It's the wheel!" Domingo shouted. "I cannot steer the car!"

Father Keogh climbed over from the back. He was thrown sideways several times before he achieved the front seat. "Put on the brakes, man—put on the brakes!"

Domingo rammed on the brakes and the car crashed over a pile of stones and ran into the face of a rock.

"It's been fixed!" said Domingo. "The wheel's been fixed. Mother of God, it could have killed us! We might have gone over the edge."

"I've no doubt we were meant to," Father Keogh said. He had a cut on his head and his mouth was bleeding. "Are you hurt?" he asked Domingo.

Domingo put a hand out to touch his four gold teeth. "No, no, everything seems all right. Mother of God, I thought we were done for!"

THEY climbed out to examine the car. The bonnet was badly damaged, and the bolt on the steering wheel had been deliberately loosened.

"I said it was fixed!" said Domingo triumphantly. "Never could I have let such a thing go wrong with my car. And that Mateo who works for me, he could never have thought of a thing like this. Oh, no, it's been fixed all right. You know something, Father? It was the little time you spent on the Hua ledge that saved us."

"Why do you say that?" Father Keogh asked.

"Well, because it isn't so dangerous just about here. But if you had not taken the little walk we should have been much farther on, and then—not all the brakes in the world could have saved us. They must have planned just how long it was going to last. Do you see how the bolt has been fixed? The road goes round the mountain like the arm of a woman who cuddles a child. In some places it is so narrow that I never drive without saying a prayer, and down from the side of it—zoom!" He made a dive with his hand to explain the sheer drop. "My word, we'd have been over that side all right if this thing had happened up there."

"We must thank God for saving us," Father Keogh said and recited a thanksgiving prayer.

BAREHEADED, with his eyes closed, Domingo stood and made the sign of the cross. "We should also say a prayer to San Ignacio. It is he who takes care of the traveller, but a cup of coffee would be nice."

Father Keogh fetched the flask with his handkerchief pressed to his mouth.

"Is the blood running badly, Father?"

"No, but you have the coffee, Domingo. The heat will make it worse if I have it."

Father Keogh found that his head was aching and that his hand was not steady, but Domingo appeared to have shaken off the effects of the ordeal at once. He chattered as happily as if he had been brought out on a picnic. He showed no concern for the damage done to his car. "For ten years I have been paying insurance money and never a chance until now, but now, you will see, I shall claim. Do not be anxious, Father," he said cheerfully. "Someone will pass and take back the news of us, and, if not, we have Chela's parcel. It is bound to be filled with good food. Yes, truly San Ignacio is an excellent saint. One cannot speak too highly of him."

It was the mid-week bus that rescued them. They had to wait four and a half hours before it appeared, its radiator boiling over like a frothing horse above the crest of the Hua Pass.

Domingo ran to greet it, determined to be first to break the news. The driver, Roberto, and the passengers spilt out in an excited jumble of gestures and exclamations.

Father Keogh would have preferred to travel on to Huapan, but Roberto and the passengers would not hear of it.

It was not possible for the bus to turn in the narrow road, but Roberto was not in the least put out at the prospect of backing all the way down into Quantana. He did so with his head out of the window, alternately commenting upon his progress and cursing the Bad-One-of-the-Cats without altering the amiable tone of his voice. . . .

Father Keogh went to see the chief of police again.

"So the note was a trick," said the *jefe*. "We ought to have thought of that one."

"I still don't see how anyone knew I was going to Huapan?"

"My dear Padre, Campos must have

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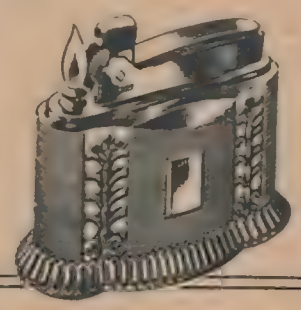

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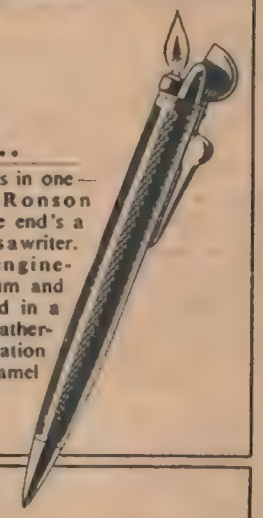

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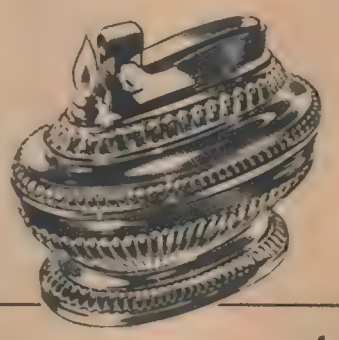

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told them. You say there was no one else to overhear. They have an excellent Gestapo system here."

"It is plain to me, Father," Domingo said. "This Señor Dentist, he passed on the news—and he is in their good books if he tells them news. Some people like to be in those good books, and then what do they do, the crafty ones? They say, 'If he goes by bus there is not much we can do to him,' so they write a little note and keep you away from the bus, and they know you will travel by me instead."

"That's about it," the *jefe* agreed. "Have you any idea how they got into your place, Domingo? How they managed to get at the car?"

"Everything seemed as it should be, *jefe*."

"Well, we'd better go down there and check up on the locks, and we'd better keep an eye on you in future, Father."

The *jefe* kept an eye on him. He let Father Keogh borrow his Buick. The fact was kept a strict secret until his actual departure. At that hour, half past five on the following morning, both he and the *jefe* checked the car. Father Keogh drove himself. He refused to allow Domingo to take the risk again.

"Well," said the *jefe*, "she seems all right. *Bon voyage*, and don't forget to keep your mouth shut about the time you are starting back."

EVEN Chela did not know he had gone until she found his note. Mother Montezera, the village fortune-teller, claimed to have known the whole thing beforehand, and the rumour went round that his body had been found in a well. When it was confirmed that the body was the carcase of a goat, the town could not hide its relief. It was uneasy the whole while during his absence, and Locha was unable to concentrate at all.

"If A equals 6 and B equals 5," Miss Finch's chalk squeaked on the blackboard. Inside Locha's desk, Micky, the tortoise, made a patient tour of the prospects of escape. His shell knocked the sides and his head withdrew at every obstacle he encountered.

Locha put her hand up.

"You have only just left the room, dear," said Miss Finch. "You must contain yourself until eleven o'clock break."

"Has Father Keogh gone to Huapan about Malo, Miss Finch?"

"I'm sure I've no idea, child. Don't interrupt the lesson. Have you written this down correctly?"

"Yes, Miss Finch. Miss Finch—if he had, won't that make Malo more angry with him?"

"If that sum is not worked out by the time I come round, Locha, I am afraid I shall have to keep you in for break."

Locha set herself a problem. She tore out the last page of her rough book, with her tongue between her teeth and her eyes on Miss Finch. She tore it softly, taking her time. Then she slit it in half with her ruler. On one slip she wrote: *Señor Anacleto Gonzalez Flores Comachi Alvarez;* and on the other: *Father Michael Patrick Keogh.*

She closed her eyes and shuffled the slips, putting them side by side. She asked herself a silent question: Which one of them's going to win? She made a stab at the slips with her pencil and opened her eyes. She had hit Señor Anacleto Gonzalez Flores Comachi Alvarez. She closed her eyes again and reshuffled the slips. The second time she hit Father Michael Patrick Keogh. But it was the third time that answered the question. She screwed her eyes up tightly, puckered her face and reshuffled the slips several times.

But before her pencil made its fatal plunge, Miss Finch had caught her hand. Miss Finch had captured the slip with Malo's name upon it. She read it, crumpled it and said evenly: "You will remain indoors during the break and you will write out one hundred lines, 'I must not waste time in class.'"

When Josefa brought her a glass of milk, she warned the child: "You know what happens to naughty girls? The Bad One will come and carry them off. He eats them alive!"

Locha released Micky, tickled him under the chin and was rewarded by a hiss for her pains. Then she tied two pens together with her hair ribbon and began to write her lines.

Miss Finch went down to the market place. Although she steadfastly refused to buy anything edible, she was fascinated by the other goods to be bought at the crowded booths. It was at Mother Montezera's stall that she first met Malo.

He carried a black and white kitten. Miss Finch turned to him, smiling, fondling the kitten. "What a dear little thing. Is he yours?"

"Yes, señorita. He is mine, but lately he has not been too well."

Miss Finch made a sympathetic noise with her lips. "Is there a good vet in the town?"

"There is the *bruja*, Mother Montezera, who can sometimes cure these things. She is a good *curandera*," Malo said. He bowed to Mother Montezera and she bowed back to him.

Miss Finch felt the kitten's coat and the end of its nose. "She hasn't been sick, has she?"

Malo shook his head. "No, but his hair is falling out."

"Sickness is a dangerous thing in cats. It does a dog good, but it's a bad sign in cats."

"Señorita, he hasn't been sick."

"I daresay she just wants a tonic. I must remember to send home for some Tibs. I am writing for a parcel of Harpic, so I will see that some Tibs powders are included."

"Thank you, señorita," Malo said. He handed the kitten straight to Mother Montezera.

WHEN she got back, Miss Finch confided to Josefa: "I was so glad to come across someone with a real sense of responsibility towards animals. It's not something one finds in a foreign country as a rule. It quite ruined my visit to Spain."

"Mother in Heaven, señorita!" said Josefa. "That was Malo-of-the-Cats you were talking to! No nice lady should be seen doing that."

"How very extraordinary," said Miss Finch. "He seemed to be quite a well-bred young man. Well, I'm very glad he has some good points."

"It is only for cats he has points, señorita."

"We can't all be dog-lovers," smiled Miss Finch. "By the way, Josefa, that old fortune teller was selling some quite good quality stockings. I wonder Mrs. de Cortinez doesn't encourage local trade instead of sending all the way to Mexico City for nylons."

"Yes, señorita," said Josefa hurriedly. She knew how Mother Montezera got such good quality nylons; she had sold them to her herself; they came out of Doña Marian's stock. "Señorita, the little Locha, she will not drink her milk."

"Never mind," said Miss Finch. "We must make her see that it's her own loss. Many little girls would be grateful for it."

"Yes, but, señorita, she was the same with her breakfast."

"She's probably liverish," replied Miss Finch. "The food is severely over-spiced and she doesn't have nearly enough exercise. I have bought her a skipping rope."

"She calls out in the night all the time, señorita. She is afraid in her dreams of someone. Something is troubling her mind."

"I think algebra worries her," said Miss Finch. "She doesn't seem to grasp it. I won't give it to her for homework. She probably goes to bed with it on her mind."

JOSEFA thought: this algebra must be an evil thing. I have seen the signs upon the board. They are all signs of magic, no doubt about that. I must visit the *bruja* about it. The *Inglesa* says herself it is a thing to make nightmares.

Miss Finch was about to return to the schoolroom when Francisco ran in from the kitchen. His face was pale and his eyes bulging. He spoke quickly to Josefa, waving his hands about.

"Señorita! Señorita!" Josefa cried. "The Bad One has come to the house!"

"Oh! And what does he want?"

"He asked for *you*, señorita."

"Very well," said Miss Finch. "I shall see him."

Malo was waiting in the hall for Miss Finch. He held the kitten in one hand and his hat in the other.

"Is there something I can do for you?" inquired Miss Finch briskly.

"I have come for the kind offer of Tibs."

"Oh, but surely I explained that I should have to write to England for them. I'm afraid it will take some time."

Malo held out the kitten. He had been suspicious of Mother Montezera's verdict. According to her, the kitten's life was in hourly danger if twelve pesos were not paid at once. "It would be good of you to keep him for me, señorita. You are fond of cats, and if he has something wrong with him he might pass it on to the others. I have so many cats."

Miss Finch took the kitten. "I don't suppose anyone will mind. She's a nice little thing." She paused. "While it's a pleasure to come across a fellow cat-lover, Mr. Comachi, I feel I ought to mention that I've heard some very disagreeable reports of you."

Malo frowned in consternation. "Señorita, you distress me. How could you hear this?"

"Well, I know that foreigners are apt to exaggerate," conceded Miss Finch, "so I've taken a pinch of salt with it. But on the other hand I've heard it from a gentleman who is not a foreigner — Mr. Keogh — and I'm afraid that I have no reason to doubt his word."

Malo dropped his arms to his side. "You will have to be fair to me, señorita. You must judge me as you find me."

"Oh, yes, I never pay any attention to back-biting. What is the kitten's name?"

Malo thought carefully. "Jorge," he said. "After the English patron saint."

"Well, well," smiled Miss Finch. "How nice of you." And she gave the laugh that Locha tried to copy for the delight of Josefa. Then she met his eyes. They had a cold clarity that made her uncomfortable. She looked down at the kitten quickly, tickling its chin. She was sharply reminded of Malo in its upward narrowed eyes. She said: "I think perhaps I ought to go out and ask Mrs. de Cortinez if she's any objection to my keeping the kitten. After all, it is her house."

"Señorita, you have the heart of fifteen men."

He smiled as Miss Finch went up the stairs.

LOCHA came out of the schoolroom. She carried a resentful Micky the tortoise in one hand and a tuberose in the other. She stood still when she saw Malo. She had expected Father Keogh. Malo came towards her, smiling at her. She was tall for her age and her hair reached her shoulders.

She licked her lips and stared at him. "I thought you were Father Keogh."

"Well, well, are we so alike?" She made no reply so he asked her: "Were you bringing that rose for him?"

She said nothing, her pale green eyes upon him.

"The priest is lucky," Malo said, "to have pretty little girls to bring him flowers." He smiled at her, the slow, thin smile that spread under his eyes, making two straight lines across his face.

"You mustn't hurt the priest," she told him.

"Why not?" Malo asked.

She was silent for a moment, then she said: "Because if you do he'll get his own back. He'll hurt you as well, that's for certain."

"What makes it so certain?"

"He is equipped with remarkable confidence. I wouldn't lay a bet on either of you."

He knew that she must be quoting someone. He ruffled her hair, laughing at her. "Well doñe, my little parakeet." He held out his hand for the flower. "Thank you," he said. "I don't often receive a bouquet."

She put the flower behind her back. She could not take her eyes from his face: it drove every thought from her mind. "You—you don't *look* bad," she said.

She had never seen him before except in the distance. She had made her own picture of him. She had based it on a giant in her fairy-tale book. The

FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

UNLIKE most people who reminisce about their childhood, I cannot claim to have been a bad scholar. At least, I have no unpleasant memories of my attendance at the Jewish Free School, London.

I did, however, run into trouble over my music lessons. At an early age I began to study the violin. Though my heart was certainly in music, as the saying is, I resented it when my parents started locking me in my room for six hours each day to make sure that I practised.

When I discovered the pictures, I would do anything to see a Western or thriller. So, when I entered the Trinity College of Music and later the London School of Music, I hit upon what I considered a neat plan. On leaving the house, I would make a bee-line for the nearest cinema, leave my violin-case in the box office and quietly relax. In this way, I felt, I was retrieving some of the time lost when forced to practise at home.

I was not quite ten years old (about the age when this photograph was taken) when I was due to play at my first concert. It turned out to be my first setback. Nervous, scrubbed and shining, I walked on to the stage of the Toynbee Hall, bowed to the audience, lifted my violin and prepared to play. But when I drew the bow across the strings nothing happened.

Bobbing my head awkwardly to the vast audience, I retreated in confusion into the wings, where I discovered that some joker with a misplaced sense of humour had greased my bow. I burst into tears.

As a child, I was entirely classically minded. Having just celebrated my twenty-first anniversary in lighter musical entertainment, I am grateful to my parents for giving me an early glimpse of both worlds of music.

Today he is a famous dance band leader. For his name see page 39.

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giant's face was grotesque and overdrawn. It had become the face of Malo.

She stared at the smooth beauty that stooped to her level, at the clear skin, the clear eyes, the mouth that had been etched with such precision. She found herself saying, in a voice from a corner she could not have known about: "You don't look bad. You couldn't be bad."

"It's only our enemies who call us bad. Your governess, when she's cross with you, when you do your lessons wrong, what does she call you—bad?" She nodded her head. "Well, then, when I do my lessons wrong, Quantana calls me bad."

She stood staring at him when he took the rose from her. It was behind his ear when he laughed at her, and went, slamming the door, out of the house.

She was still staring at the door when Josefa and Francisco came running down the stairs.

"He has put the evil eye on her. She's bewitched, you can see she's bewitched. Quick!" Josefa said to Francisco. "Go to the *bruja*, quick. Tell her the evil eye has fallen on the child! Ask for a cure, and be quick!"

Francisco ran all the way to Mother Montezera. When he came back he carried a herb. It was *tronadora*. Locha struggled fiercely with them, but at the back of the schoolroom they held her down. Francisco kept a hand across her mouth while Josefa rubbed the herb into her forehead.

"Pray God we're in time," Josefa said. "Silence, child! Silence!" she ordered Locha. "Didn't I tell you the Bad One would come up to the house? The next time he comes he will take you away."

FATHER KEOGH returned to Quantana the following evening. Chela had news for him.

"That Bad One has no manners, Father. He has invited everyone to a great banquet tonight—everyone that's important except us."

Father Keogh knew that by "us" Chela was only referring to him. She always included herself when she spoke of him.

"The Presidente is going, and the *jefe*, the señor doctor and everyone important except us."

"Never mind," Father Keogh smiled at her. "We're not sorry to be left out, are we?"

"It's bad manners," said Chela. "After all, it would have been nice to refuse."

Father Keogh patted her shoulder. "We'll have a banquet all on our own; You can cook me *tostados* and I promise to like it."

He walked up the hill to the church. It was dark when he reached it and the fireflies were dancing. The dust had crept up the aisle again. Father Keogh swept it out. Then he tolled the bell. It rang hollow and dismal across Quantana. He tolled it every night. He was determined that the town should be made to hear that the church had not lost her tongue.

At first he saw no one in the candlelight. Then a small shadow fell before him. When he turned round he saw Locha. He rose from his knees to greet her.

She was carrying her tortoise and she had been crying. She held out Micky. "I heard the bell ringing so I knew you'd be here. Do you think you could bless him as quickly as you can, please, because I have to have a bath and nobody knows I've come out."

"My dear child, you've no business to be out on your own. They'll be worried to death about you. What's the matter with him?"

"He's dying," sobbed Locha. "It's Malo's kitten. He's put the evil eye on him. Josefa says he has. He just stays in his shell the whole day long and when he does come out he bumps into things. Do you think Malo's kitten has made him blind?"

"There's no such thing as the evil eye," said Father Keogh, and took the tortoise across to the light. "Why is his head bright blue?"

"Oh, well," she said. "That might be ink. I left the top off the bottle in my desk and he knocked it over once."

"And that's what's the matter with him," Father Keogh laughed. "He's probably got a good mouthful of it and he bumps into everything because his eyes are all bunged up—although what he's got in them," he said, licking the corner of his handkerchief, "I'm sure I don't know. What else do you keep in your desk?"

"Biscuits and things," she said doubtfully.

"Then it's biscuits and things that have bunged up his eyes."

He wiped the indignant reptile's eyes and polished its head with his handkerchief. "There you are. So much for Malo's kitten. Now, you say a little prayer and then I'll take you back, and you must promise me never to—what is it?"

SHE looked past him, her eyes wide. Then she clung to him. "I saw someone. It's Malo. He's come here to eat me. Josefa always says he will if I'm bad, and I have been bad coming down here tonight."

"Josefa has no business to tell you such tales." Father Keogh took her shoulders and held her away from him. "Where did you think you saw someone?"

"Looking in at the door. I *did* see someone."

"All right. You sit here and I'll have a look round."

She sat in the pew with the tortoise beside her and he hurried down the aisle. Outside there was nothing to see except the fireflies. Crickets cheeped harshly, and from the town horns honked and a jumble of music reached the church. It was the work of several radios and a band.

He flashed his torch down the path and across to the wall. It lit the flame trees and the tamarind trees. It lit the giant cypress tree that stirred in the evening breeze, and it lit a lizard that slid round the wall, but it lit nothing else.

"There's no one here, Locha," he called to her, and stood holding out his hand. She came running down the aisle. She dipped her fingers in the holy water stoup and crossed herself. She made a quick genuflection and clung to his hand; then she squeaked: "Oooh! I've forgotten Micky. I've left him in the pew."

"I'll fetch him," Father Keogh said.

He came back with the tortoise. "He was getting a bit hot and bothered. I think he thought we'd deserted him."

He preceded the child down the steps. He never knew exactly what happened. He had turned to the child on the steps to hand the tortoise up to her. He heard a movement that was not his own and not Locha's. He had time to cry out to her, "Go back!" Her shrieks covered the sound of a quick slice through the air which knocked him heavily up against the wall of the church.

To be continued next week

"You're deliberately trying to start something with that foot!"

KING LION

Continued from page 7

Hill, could hear his voice yelling: "You'd better bring back that lion-skin, boy, or your name will be mud!" And Al had yelled back: "I'll bring one back alive, Jeff. . . ."

Then, when the aircraft finally pulled into the blue sky he realized there was no turning back. What he had dreamed of for nearly fifty years was going to come true—Al Wedmeyer was bound for Africa, to shoot a lion.

It had all started a long time ago, when he was a kid. He'd read a book by a man called Frederick Courteney Selous, describing the adventures of a professional hunter in Central Africa in the 1890s. From that day he dreamed of big game and hunters as other kids in the neighbourhood dreamed baseball and football. Sometimes he would sell a pair of shoes in a daze—this when he was much older—for his mind would still be wandering across Africa with some hunter whose latest book lay dog-eared by his chair.

As the years rolled away and he stayed in Saffron Hill, gaining a family and an increasing waistline, his friends had begun to mock, in a kindly, amused way, when he spoke of the day he would set off on his safari. Yet the day had come. He was on his way.

It shouldn't be so difficult to shoot a lion. Al had worked it all out in his head for years, the different approaches, the way you placed the shot in the brain, had fought again that bitter war between the advocates of the light magazine rifle and the heavy double and had decided on a .375 magazine Magnum. That was a real all-round rifle, he told himself, a stopper that had all the killing punch of an elephant gun and some of the good points of a lighter rifle. Besides, Jason Massey agreed with him.

For three months, ever since Al's bank balance had become big enough to entertain the idea of a safari, he had been writing to Jason Massey, Kenya's star white hunter, and one of his heroes. Massey had replied promptly, had applauded the choice of the .375, had suggested Al leave the rest to him. A safari was laid on, Massey had written, and as soon as Mr. Wedmeyer landed in Nairobi the wheels would be set in motion and they would go out together to the plains toward the Mara Escarpment, where the lions were good this year and you could be pretty sure of a bag. Mara Escarpment. Al Wedmeyer had rolled the words on his tongue again and again.

Now the stewardess was shaking him by the shoulder.

"Fasten your seat belts, please. In five minutes we are landing at Nairobi, capital of Kenya Colony."

* * *

Jay Massey drove his big safari truck over the bridge and turned sharp left up the gravel drive that leads to the Game Department. Colonel Archie Watt-Spencer, the chief game ranger, lolled in his chair behind the big desk, looking out at the jacaranda blossom. On the faded walls hung skulls and horns, a lion snarled from over the mantel, a leopard, slightly moth-eaten, crouched in a stuffed, eternal spring, its old stuffing making the place smell like an upholsterer's shop. Neither of the men noticed the musty, choking odour of the stuffed leopard; the smell was almost traditional, part of the department that spent its time chasing ivory poachers and holding censuses of gorillas and bongos, rhinos and giraffes, guiding the erring steps of migrating elephant herds and obligingly shooting man-eating lions and raiding hippos, cattle-killing leopards and mad elephants.

"Morning, Jay," the colonel said. "How are things?"

"So-so, old boy. Your licence-*fundi* about?"

"Somewhere, old man. AHMED!" The last in a shout that rattled the old bones on the walls. An Indian clerk put his head round the door.

"Give Mr. Massey the licences he asks for." Then to the hunter: "Going out?"

"Mm. Lion."

"Another crazy American?" the colonel asked, jovially.

"Yes. Rather a nice old bird, this one. Comes from somewhere in the sticks, as he calls it, and keeps a shoe shop."

The colonel blasphemed noisily.

"Why don't you chuck it up, Jay?" he asked. "You're too good for this sort of thing. In the old days it was different. When a man hunted on foot with the chances in the lion's favour there was something in it—it was sport then. But today, with luxury camps and motor trucks—well, it isn't much of a sport any more, is it? It's just a business."

Jay Massey laughed. He was tall, dark, lean and sinewy. Everything a white hunter ought to be.

The colonel suddenly grew serious. "McKinnon is retiring next month."

"What! Wanderobo McKinnon? I thought that old war-horse would have stayed in the reserve until they carried him out, feet first!"

"He had a nasty *shauri* with an elephant—nearly had him. Mac's eyes aren't what they were. He's shot over a thousand tuskers, you know, and a miss rather shook him. Luckily, he had young Curtis with him. Now Mac's out of it."

There was a silence. To be a game warden for thirty years and then be "out of it" was no joke.

"Curtis taking over?"

The colonel shook his head. "Too young," he said. "In ten years he'll have the experience."

He leaned back in his chair, lighting a cigarette, eyeing the man in front of him. "Wouldn't like the Kipsigi job, would you, Jay?"

"After McKinnon? I'd feel like a raw tourist. Looking after eleven thousand square miles of Africa with all its population, human and animal, is a damn' big job. And there's Joyce to think about. I couldn't expect to

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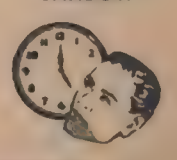

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JOHN BULL pays three guineas, on publication, for simple, original tips that show other readers how to carry out useful jobs in better ways. Address contributions to TAKE MY TIP, JOHN BULL, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1, including (if they help) diagrams or photographs with the text. It is regretted that contributions cannot be returned unless they are accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

start married life in old Mac's dilapidated bungalow, on twelve hundred a year."

"That is, of course, a point," the colonel said. Some of the friendliness had gone out of his eyes, Jay thought.

Riding out over the plains towards Kampili, Jay Massey was thinking over the offer. Becoming a white hunter is child's play beside the difficulty of entering the game department as a warden. Men are hand picked, there is an *esprit de corps* as high as in a crack regiment, and a warden must love animals to crack down almost as a reflex on the poacher, must be a zoologist, even something of a vet, yet must also be a keen hunter and a dead shot.

To be offered such a plum of a job as the Kipsigi Reserve was to have been honoured highly; to have refused it was rather churlish. To have refused meant that you liked money too much, liked rich people and their society and their lavish tips, liked being one of the glamour boys of East Africa. . . . Yet how could a man expect Joyce, twenty-five and lovely and daughter of a rich man, to settle down in a mud-and-wattle bungalow in the middle of eleven thousand miles of Africa?

Massey swore. One hand was hooked over the low roof of the truck, the other hard on the steering wheel, bracing him against shock. Beside him, being bumped like a sack of potatoes on a farm lorry, sat Al Wedmeyer. On the horizon a group of giraffes loped off like crazy rocking-horses, and a herd of zebra scattered before the truck. Behind the spectacles, Al's eyes shone with sheer gratitude—gratitude at being alive and out here on the long plains with the animals he had always longed to see.

"Jay, look! A wart-hog!"

"Yes. Want to shoot?"

"Well . . . I guess not." The wart-hog scuttered away, his curious tail erect. "I only want one lion," said Al Wedmeyer, "just one." Massey stopped the truck and took a long swig from his water-bottle. The heat was pressing in on them, the sky was white with it. Al drank too, deeply, happily.

"Would you be offended if I called you a gentleman?" asked the hunter.

"Why, no. But I don't see——"

"A man may steal your wife or cheat at cards, he can be a drunk or a bit crooked—but out here he is a gentleman if he resists the impulse to shoot everything that moves." Massey grinned at his client. "Don't take me too seriously. But some of your countrymen have the nasty habit of banging at everything on the landscape—just as I used to, when I was new at the game."

"I only want a lion," Al said, "just one to take home. I feel—it's kind of difficult to describe—but I'm no tough guy, you can see that. If I can shoot a lion, all on my own, I'll be square with myself. Square for all the years I missed, tending the store and raising kids." He took another long pull at his drinking bottle.

"If I'd had the guts," Al went on, "I'd have come out here forty years ago. Well—I'd have missed marrying the nicest girl in the world and having three swell kids. Still, if you win you lose, as the man said."

"I know how you feel." And for once Massey meant it. He was thinking of the straw blonde called Joyce Carson—and the Kipsigi job.

That night they camped near a stream and as they sat at the fire the boys had built for them a strange roar came out of the darkness and ended in a high yell. "Lion?"

Jay smiled. "Hyena," he said.

Al looked mortified. "Somehow I didn't expect a hyena to have that much voice."

"They're easy to mistake."

Al hesitated. "About my lion," he said, "do you reckon the .375's heavy enough? Should I borrow your .450?"

"No. In the first place a professional never lends his guns—not to his own brother, Al. That's how you get killed. You can't miss twice at this game." He blew smoke at the fire, watching, unknown to the other, a herd of buffalo coming up the moon-path across the veld. Let them come another hundred yards, he thought, and then if he scares them he can at least see them.

"Don't worry about the lion," he said. "After you've shot it, I want to take you down into the game reserve and you can watch them there. They aren't afraid of men—not even a lioness with cubs. The warden's a friend of mine and he'll show us where the best prides are living."

"I'd like that," Al said, "but first I've got to get my lion. You saw me shooting today. Was I all right?"

"You tend to snatch a bit, but it isn't fatal."

It isn't fatal, he was thinking, if I'm standing beside you with a .450 double. But the man from Saffron Hill had the right sort of brain and the right sort of nerve. He was fat and poor-sighted and asthmatic with over-smoking and over-eating, but his heart was big as a barn.

Jay was just going to point out the buffalo when the sound came. It came out of the dark and seemed to stop the chirruping of the insects, first a clear, harsh grunt, then a gout of tearing sound that shook the ground under their feet, savage, almost cynical as it died away in those queer grunting coughs, as though Simba had given himself a sore throat.

"What the——"

"That's Simba. The African lion, king of the animals—and he *is* king. Wait until you see him close to! You're in his country now. He rules here. You'll hear him all night."

"Is he hunting?"

"No. He's probably courting to-night," Massey said. "Tomorrow we'll

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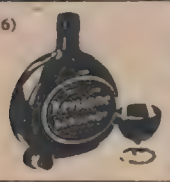

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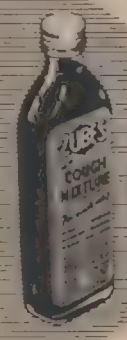

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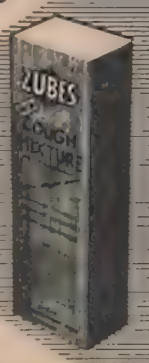

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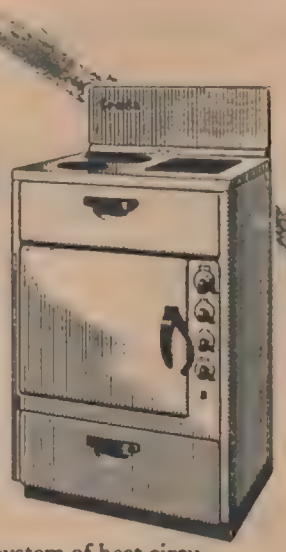

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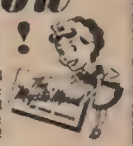

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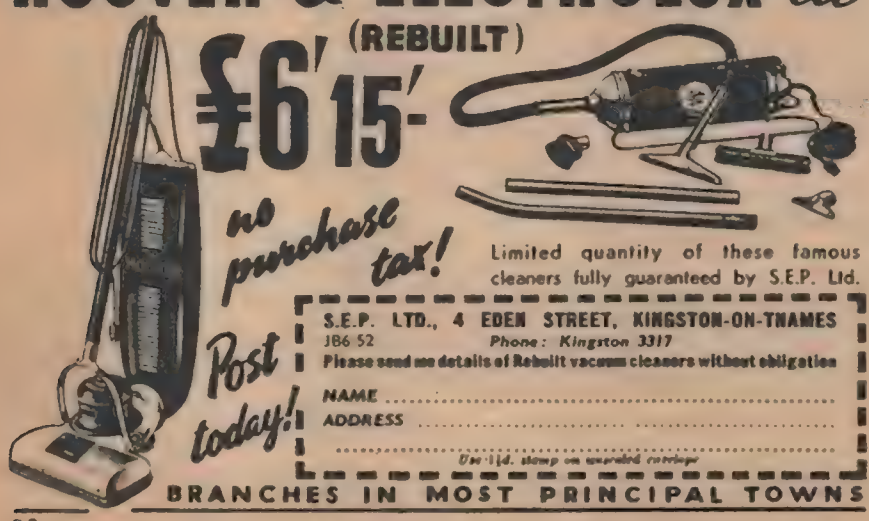

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BRANCHES IN MOST PRINCIPAL TOWNS

shoot a zebra or two and leave bait. Simba will come to the bait and. . . ." He lifted his hand with the forefinger outstretched, let the thumb fall like the hammer of a gun. Surprisingly, Al objected.

"I'd rather not shoot him over bait," he said. "Can't we stalk him——"

"Like gentlemen?" Massey grinned.

"If you like, Jay."

"I'd much rather stalk him, but it's twice as difficult and it can be dangerous."

"Let's stalk him."

MAKINZO, the scout, led them. He was a Wakoma, short, lithe, dark. He had been born with the lions roaring; he knew them as enemies. They took his father's cattle and once a lioness made off with an old woman from the cattle *boma* where she had been gathering manure. He would rather have set bait, but some *bwanas* were mad.

Al Wedmeyer trailed after him, a sweating, ludicrous figure in stained khaki bush kit, spectacles flashing, bending with difficulty to duck under thorn branches. His arms were scarred and bleeding, and the tsetse flies had raised welts on his exposed skin.

For three days now they had been moving, travelling light and keeping after a pride of lions Makinzo had located. Jay Massey and his gunbearer brought up the tail of the little safari. Jay was amazed by Al Wedmeyer, who kept slogging along behind the steel-muscled Makinzo, driven by some inner store of energy Jay would never have suspected he possessed.

Makinzo held up a hand for silence, crept from the thorn bush into a clearing, and pointed. The carcass of an eland lay there, vultures flapping away from it on their ungainly wings. All around the carcass were the white, conical dung and the great pug-marks.

Like a man raising a starting-pistol, Makinzo lifted his right hand, finger pointing at the sky, then brought it down with all the drama of the African, pointing unerringly to the north. Then the left hand went up. "Pole-pole." Slowly they followed him, and Al felt his breathing quicken until he was gasping through his open mouth in sobs that he thought must be heard a mile away, while his heart hammered and the blood pulsed in his head.

He stopped, deliberately. Breathed deeply. Jay, knowing how he felt, flashed him a grin of approval—Al was not going to miss his lion for want of a steady hand. In a moment he followed Makinzo, who led them in a circular path towards a patch of thick bush that straggled away from the shade of a stunted acacia tree. Then that pointing movement again, and they got down on their bellies and snaked forward, Makinzo leaving them now, with Al first, holding the .375 clear of the ground, Jay with his .450 and the gunbearer carrying the spare Winchester.

Al crawled out of the thorn screen, then shot back, like a turtle into his shell.

He had never guessed the lion was so close. But there he lay, not twenty feet away, a huge, tawny body, the lion of Al's dreams. He lay on one side, the black cape of the mane making an arrow on the pale fawn underbelly that tightened and sagged to his breathing. The lion was asleep.

"*Piga, bwana!*" the gun-bearer whispered.

Al extended his left arm and felt his fingers close on the fore end; the butt plate came to his shoulder and he slipped his finger through the trigger guard, snapping off the safety-catch as he did so.

The lion raised his head; peered round at the sudden click that had disturbed him. Under the great black mane the face was the shape of a human skull and the colour and texture of light fawn felt. The eyes were deep-set and golden and two deep, cruel lines ran from the corners of the eyes to the mouth.

Then the lion got to his feet. His great stomach, comfortably filled with eland, sagged. He could smell nothing strange, yet he was cautious. Like a grave, middle-aged man disturbed in his nap, the lion stood there, blinking. Then he growled. His voice came from deep inside him. He was annoyed. He flicked his tail. Then, turning slowly, he took a step towards Al Wedmeyer.

"Shoot," said Jay Massey, bringing the .450 to bear. He expected the crash of Al's rifle, the snarling roar of a wounded lion, the sudden chaos of blasting shots and muzzle flashes, then the great body sinking, the light going from the golden eyes. . . .

To his intense surprise, Al Wedmeyer threw the rifle away from him. Got to his feet, staring at the lion.

"Go on," yelled Al. "Scat, you darned old fool!"

Scared, the lion crouched on his belly, gave a sharp roar even as Jay Massey's right finger tightened, then whirled and fled, crashing through the bushes within ten feet of the American.

Al ran a forearm across his brow and grunted as he bent to pick up his rifle. Jay got to his feet, surprised to find his body greasy with sudden sweat.

Al said, awkwardly: "I couldn't shoot that. . . . It was too. . . ."

"Beautiful?"

"No, I guess not. Human, maybe. He had too much life in him, and too much sense by half." For a moment Al looked glum, thinking of the lost trophy, the lion-dance the Africans always gave for the victor over Simba, the faces of the folks back in Saffron Hill. Then he said: "I'll always remember that. It was worth living, just to see him like that."

THE Africans did not understand the American who would not shoot Simba. Even less did they understand why their beloved *Bwana* Massey seemed pleased with this fool. Yet the two white men—mad as all white men are—drank much wine together and sang as they rode back to Nairobi in the hunting truck, stopping to look long and earnestly at animals which they made no attempt to shoot.

"Al," said Jay Massey, "can you extend your vacation a few weeks?"

"My money's running a bit low, Jay. . . ."

"To hell with money—I'm running out to the Kipsigi Reserve to look at a bungalow, and I'd like you to come with me and see the lions."

"Why, that would be great, Jay. . . ."

Jay Massey slapped his client on the back. If a man like Al Wedmeyer could travel 12,000 miles to satisfy his obsession to shoot a lion, and then have the strength of mind not to shoot it when it came to the point—well, Massey thought, that was an object lesson for a man willing to learn.

It would be an effort to throw up his well-paying job, but he would do it. Joyce would live in the Reserve and like it. Or Joyce could find a different sort of husband. He stepped on the accelerator and the truck bounded across the veld. If they made good time to Nairobi the colonel's offer would still be open. THE END

THE HUMAN MACHINE

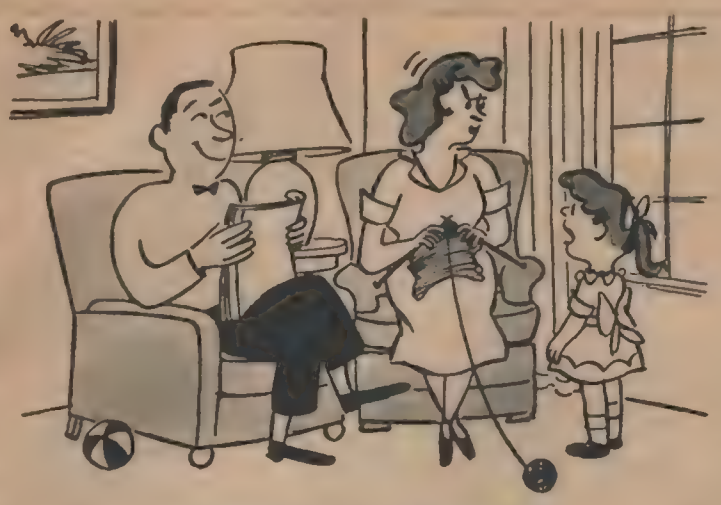
True riches

A MAN, said Thoreau, is rich in proportion to the things he can afford to ignore.

"I could buy it if I wished—but I don't wish. I'm the boss!" That's the real power money gives to the wise man. It makes him master of material things.

Wealth, in fact, is not necessarily either money or possessions. It is an attitude of mind.

by ROFFE THOMPSON



"But Mummy, if I *don't* interrupt I never get a chance to *say* anything"

ESCAPE—OR DIE

Continued from page 17

philosophically beside a large sow, which coldly ignored them.

At night the boy came back and took them to a cottage, and they were just sitting down to a meal with some smuggler peasants when the door opened and in walked a ruthless-looking man in the gaudy uniform of a Fascist guard. Snell stared, paralysed, feeling numb at first and then sick as he realized that on the brink of freedom they were trapped.

The guard, who was watching him, saw that he was shaken. "Do not worry," he laughed. "I work for the underground. It is my duty to see that the frontier guards will not be active in this sector tonight."

Everyone thought it was such a wonderful joke that they decided to have a party. The smugglers produced some chianti, and the drinking and singing started. Snell and Lewis were the star turns with "Tipperary," "Pack Up Your Troubles," and one or two rather fruity R.A.F. songs.

After four hours of that they thought they had better get some rest for the climb ahead, but it seemed that they had no sooner put their heads down than one of the smugglers woke them and said the frontier was clear. They must start climbing.

Outside the air was cold and reviving, and in the thin light of a half moon they followed two of the smugglers up steep stony trails. As they got higher the trails grew steeper; they were sweating freely and their heavy breathing steamed thickly in the frosty air.

Ordeal In The Snow

Two hours dragged by and they stopped exhausted, lying on the ground to rest till the cold made them shiver. Lewis kept asking the guides how much farther they had to go. The guides said that they would see the frontier round the next bend, but when they moved off again every corner they turned revealed another endless path.

Lewis's back wound started to throb, sending a sharp pain through him with every step. They had to stop more and more often for rests, and Lewis said he was feeling dizzy. They came to snow, first a few patches and then a wide carpet that got thicker and thicker as they stumbled upward, endlessly upward. Lewis kept flopping on the snow and pressing his face against its coldness. He ate some handfuls of it to try to freshen himself, though the guides frowned and said it was bad for him.

Snell was getting groggy now, but the guides said there was still another half-hour of climbing in front of them. Then Lewis was suddenly lying on the snow. "I've had it," he muttered. He felt he could not move any more, and did not want to move in any case; only to close his eyes and fall asleep and not wake up again.

Snell was standing over him prodding him with his feet, almost kicking him and pulling ineffectually at his coat. The guides came back, and between the three of them they got Lewis on his feet once more. Snell took his hand and tried to pull him, and the guides pushed from behind, and they stumbled up through the snow like drunken men until, as dawn was breaking, one of the guides pointed to small, undramatic red and white posts and said, "Switzerland!"

Snell and Lewis stared wordlessly, and then Snell grabbed Lewis's hand, shook it, slapped him on the back, grabbed the guides' hands and pumped them up and down like a madman.

A Swiss Welcome

Two hours later, still on their feet, but only just, Snell and Lewis, on their own now, came to a white Swiss farmhouse on a hillside over a village. They knocked, and a plump Swiss housewife opened the door. Snell said in French, "We are English escapers from Italy."

He will never forget the answer. "Oh, really," said the woman who had never known war. "You're the first two we've had today."

In Switzerland, under British care, Snell had both arms operated on to repair some of the deep-seated damage from his wounds, and after a long convalescence was repatriated to England. After the war the R.A.F. flew him to Italy to thank and repay the partisans for the help they had given to escaping British prisoners.

In Modena he found Mario Lugli, whose name will never be forgotten locally; the Germans had caught him just after Snell and Lewis had left. They tortured him for a long time but he would not talk. Then they were going to shoot him, but he feigned insanity till they threw him out of the jail in disgust; he immediately went off to the hills and joined another partisan band. Snell found Lugli busy organizing a boys' town—a home to look after orphans, especially orphans of resistance fighters who had lost their lives. He was dedicating the home to the memory of Don Monari, the priest.

The Germans had caught Don Monari also; stripped him, lashed him with barbed wire to the front of a lorry and driven him over the mountains. He was never heard of again. Snell found Anna in bed with a newborn baby, and a proud young husband standing by. He felt that such aid and thanks as he could give them all were strikingly inadequate.

Back in England, Snell left the R.A.F. to become an actor, and has worked since in repertory, television and films. He has just completed his first major rôle in the forthcoming film *Gilbert And Sullivan*. He has also become godfather to Lewis's younger son, Nicholas. Still a bachelor, Snell likes playing the piano and composing music; also driving fast sports cars. THE END

Paul Brickhill's book, "Escape—Or Die," the authentic stories of the R.A.F. Escaping Society, is published by Evans, at 15s.

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THE BALLPOINT PEN WITH THE WORLD-WIDE SERVICE

ADOLF HITLER

Continued from page 19

Hitler was dead. By four o'clock the orders had begun to go out over the army's communications network.

Meanwhile Olbricht had gone upstairs to see General Fromm, the C.-in-C. of the reserve army. He told him that Hitler was dead and that he proposed to issue the orders for "Operation Valkyrie" to prevent internal unrest and hand over all executive powers to the army. Fromm refused to take such drastic action until he was convinced that Hitler was really dead.

He picked up the telephone and got through to Field Marshal Keitel, the head of Hitler's own staff, at the Fuehrer's H.Q. He asked Keitel what had happened—was Hitler dead? Keitel at once denied the report. Fromm thereupon decided that the code word "Valkyrie" could not be issued.

But the orders had already started to go out. At half-past four, when Stauffenberg reached the War Ministry, Olbricht took him to see Fromm. Stauffenberg declared: "Keitel is lying as usual. I myself saw Hitler's body being carried away." To this Olbricht added: "This being so, we have issued the code word."

Fromm was furious. He leaped to his feet and demanded to know by whose authority the orders had been sent out. Thereupon Stauffenberg interrupted and said coldly: "General, I myself ignited the bomb during the War Council. There was an explosion as if a fifteen-centimetre shell had hit the place; and no one who was in that room can still be alive."

Arrested The C.-in-C.

Fromm's answer was short: "Count Stauffenberg, the attempt has failed. You must shoot yourself immediately."

Further argument got them nowhere. Fromm declared Stauffenberg and Olbricht to be under arrest. They retorted by arresting him. A brief struggle followed, Fromm was overpowered, and an officer with a revolver was placed in his room.

While this scene had been taking place in the War Ministry, the Berlin Guard Battalion, under the command of Major Remer, had been ordered in from Döberitz to occupy the government quarter in the capital. By ill-luck, the suspicions of a Lieutenant Hagen, who was attached to the regiment as a Nazi political officer, were aroused, and he persuaded Remer to let him seek confirmation of Hitler's death from Goebbels, the Gauleiter of Berlin.

As a result, Remer, who had set out to arrest Goebbels, ended up in his office, talking personally to Hitler, who had been called to the telephone in his East Prussian H.Q. Hitler was able to convince Remer that he was still very much alive, promoted him to colonel on the spot and ordered him to suppress the *putsch*.

Until the late afternoon, no one at the Fuehrer's H.Q. had realized that the attempted assassination had been followed by an attempted *coup d'état* in Berlin. Hitler met Mussolini on his arrival and surprised everyone by his calmness, although he became excited when he showed his Italian comrade the ruins of the hut and proclaimed that this was a clear sign from Providence that he was destined to accomplish his task.

Himmler On Warpath

Once it became clear, however, that something was happening in Berlin. Hitler hurriedly appointed Himmler with full authority and sent him off post-haste by fast plane to regain control.

Bad luck had dogged the conspirators throughout the day. It was an essential part of their plan that as soon as the bomb exploded, the communications centre at the Fuehrer's H.Q. should be put out of commission, thus sealing it from the outside world. For some unfortunate reason, which has never been explained, the officer charged with this duty failed to carry it out.

This failure was scarcely less disastrous than the failure to kill Hitler. The fact that people in Berlin like Fromm and Remer could telephone direct to the Fuehrer's H.Q. upset all

OH, JOHNNY! *by TIM*

the arrangements and awoke Hitler to the danger in time. Instead of being cut off, as the conspirators had planned, Keitel and his staff were able to send out messages to all commands denying that Hitler was dead, countermanding the orders issued from Berlin and directing all commanding officers to obey only instructions countersigned by Keitel or Himmler.

Once it became known that the assassination had failed, little hope was left. The army commanders, most of whom had already begun to question the orders they were receiving from Berlin, hurriedly disowned all connection with the plot.

Stauffenberg, Olbricht and Beck did everything they could by constant telephoning to get things moving, but so great was the fear and desire to reinsure among the senior officers that they soon had to recognize that they were wasting their energy.

As the hot July evening slowly faded, the situation of the little band in the War Ministry became more and more isolated. To the confusion and excitement of the afternoon succeeded a feeling of hopelessness. Towards ten o'clock a number of the loyal or neutral officers who had been placed under arrest succeeded in breaking out. They wounded Stauffenberg in an exchange of shots and set Fromm at liberty.

Suicide Bid Failed

Fromm, whose own part in the affair had been equivocal, was now only too anxious to display his zealous devotion by getting rid of those who might incriminate him. A dramatic scene took place in his office. At Beck's request, Fromm allowed him the choice of suicide. He failed to kill himself at the first attempt, and the gun was taken away from him. The rest were allowed five minutes in which to put anything they had to say in writing.

At the end of the five minutes Fromm returned. He announced that a summary court martial had condemned Olbricht, Stauffenberg and two other officers to death; the rest were placed under arrest.

Turning to the elderly General Beck, Fromm inquired, "Well, what about it?" Beck answered, "Give me another pistol." Fromm said, "Very well, you have time for a second shot."

As he walked to the door, a shot rang out and Beck slumped down in his chair. A few minutes later a volley of shots in the courtyard below marked the execution of the four condemned officers, who had been lined up against the wall and shot by the light from the headlamps of an armoured car. Fromm's plans for dealing with the rest, however, were interrupted by the arrival of Kaltenbrunner, Himmler's chief lieutenant, who was far more interested in discovering what could be learned from the survivors than in shooting them out of hand.

In the course of the evening Himmler himself arrived from East Prussia and set up his headquarters in Goebbels's house. The manhunt had begun.

Only in one place had the conspiracy succeeded — in Paris. There, the measures to be taken had been in the hands of General Heinrich von Stülpnagel, the German Military Governor of France. As soon as the message that Hitler had been assassinated reached him from Berlin, Stülpnagel ordered the military commandant of Paris to arrest the senior S.S. and Police Chief of France, Oberg, together with his staff and the entire Security Service of about 1,200 S.S. officials.

This was done without a shot being fired, and within an hour the army was in full control of the situation. But here, too, the conspirators were dogged with the same ill-luck that had pursued them throughout.

Rommel Gave Support

At the time of the Allied invasion of France in June, 1944, Rommel, the "Desert Fox" of North African fame, was in command of Army Group B, which bore the brunt of the fighting. Rommel had slowly come round to the view that, if Germany was to be saved, Hitler must be got rid of, although he opposed the assassination of Hitler on the grounds that it was important to avoid making a martyr of him. He proposed instead that Hitler should be seized and tried before a German court.

Rommel, however, accepted the leadership of Beck and Goerdeler, and he was willing to take over a high command under the new government. He proposed, as soon as the moment came, to open armistice negotiations with General Eisenhower on his own initiative and to offer a German withdrawal from the occupied territories in the west in return for the suspension of the Allied air raids on Germany. In the East, the war with Russia was to continue, the Germans attempting to hold a line from the Baltic to the mouth of the Danube.

Hitler's handling of the invasion, his constant interference and refusal to allow the generals a free hand or to recognize the gravity of the situation, stiffened Rommel's attitude.

Five days before Stauffenberg's attempt, Rommel sent Hitler an outspoken memorandum in which he forecast an Allied break-through in the near future. "The consequences will be immeasurable," he telegraphed. "The troops are fighting heroically everywhere, but the unequal struggle is nearing its end. I must beg you to draw the necessary conclusions without delay. I feel it my duty to state this clearly."

This was not at all the sort of language in which Hitler was accustomed to being addressed. But Rommel told his chief of staff, after sending off his memorandum, that if Hitler refused to do anything, he himself was determined to act.

But on July 20, Rommel was in no condition to do anything. Three days before, while returning from the front, his car had been attacked and shot up by R.A.F. fighters. The field marshal was severely injured, and when the day of the *putsch* dawned was lying unconscious in hospital.

The C.-in-C. in the west, Kluge, was a horse of a very different colour. He knew perfectly well what was afoot, and although he did not differ from Rommel in his assessment of the desperate military situation in the west, he would not commit himself until he knew that Hitler was dead and the success of the *putsch* assured.

Early on the morning of July 20 Kluge set out on a tour of the front. He did not return to his H.Q. at La Roche Guyon until six in the evening. By then the news had come in that the attempt on Hitler's life had failed. When Stülpnagel and other officers arrived from Paris between seven and eight o'clock, and urged Kluge to end the war in the west by a capitulation and to support the military *coup* in Paris, Kluge declined.

At the end of a long and heated argument he ordered Stülpnagel to set free the men he had arrested in Paris. They dined in silence by the light of candles: a ghostly meal at which more than one of those present knew that he sat under the shadow of death.

Drove To His Death

When Stülpnagel returned to Paris, there was nothing left for him but to hand over his command and return to Berlin, whither he had been peremptorily summoned during the course of the night. As he drove through Verdun, Stülpnagel tried to take his life, but without success; the shot only blinded him and he was removed to hospital under arrest. Still suffering from his wound he was later taken to Germany and hanged on August 30.

Half an hour after midnight on the night of July 20-21, all German radio stations relayed the shaken but still recognizable voice of the Fuehrer speaking from his H.Q. in East Prussia.

"If I speak to you today (he began) it is first in order that you shall hear my voice and should know that I am unhurt and well, and secondly that you should know of a crime unparalleled in German history."

After describing the attempt to assassinate him, and laying stress on the fact that the conspirators had not found any support in the German Army or the people, Hitler concluded: "This time we shall get even with them in the way to which we National Socialists are accustomed."

Hitler's threats were rarely idle. No complete figure can be given for the number of those executed after July 20, but a list of 4,980 men and women known to have lost their lives has been compiled.

Some did not wait for the inevitable fate which they knew would overtake them. General von Tresckow, who had attempted to kill Hitler in March, 1943, and who was one of the most fearless members of the German opposition, was still serving on the Eastern Front. Fabian von Schlabrendorff, his fellow conspirator, who had listened to Hitler's broadcast, roused Tresckow from his bed in the middle of the night. Together they discussed what lay in store for them.

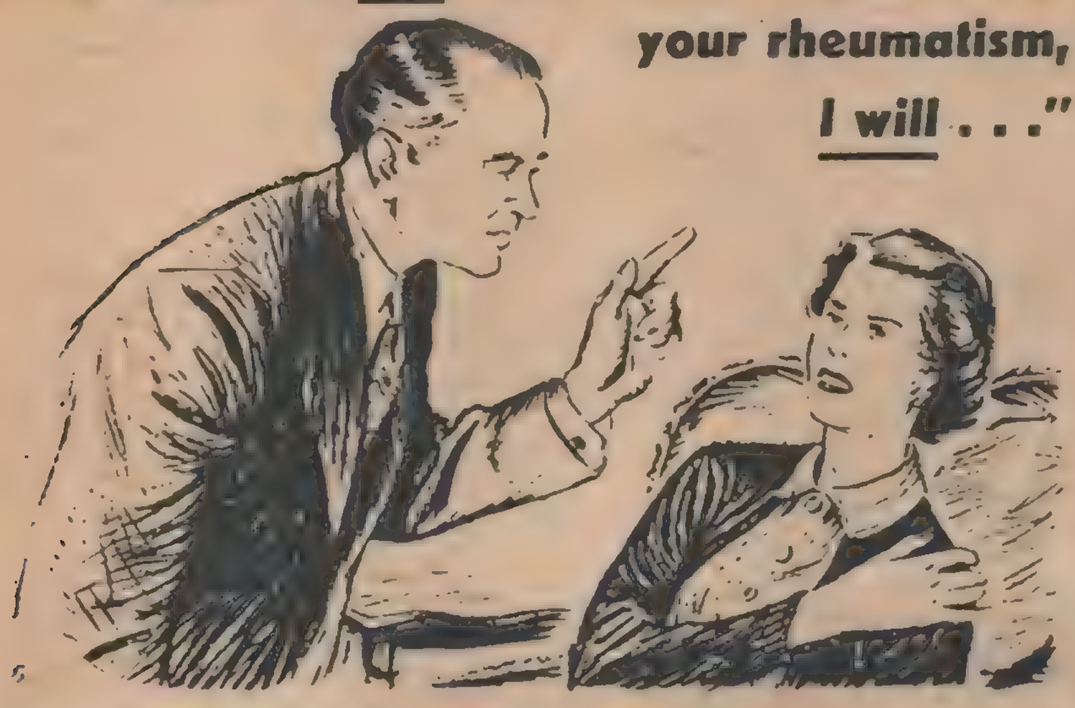
A Fitting Epitaph

Tresckow was calm and resolute. In the morning he said goodbye to Schlabrendorff and drove to the front. Making his way into no-man's-land, he drew the pin out of a hand grenade and blew himself up. His last words to Schlabrendorff are a fitting epitaph to the tragic history of the German opposition.

"Now everybody will turn upon us and cover us with abuse. But my conviction remains unshaken—we have done the right thing. Hitler is not only the arch enemy of Germany, he is the arch enemy of the whole world. In a few hours' time I shall stand before God, answering for my actions and my omissions. I think I shall be able to uphold with a clear conscience all that I have done in the fight against Hitler.

"God once promised Abraham to spare Sodom should there be found ten

"My dear, if you won't do anything about your rheumatism, I will . . ."



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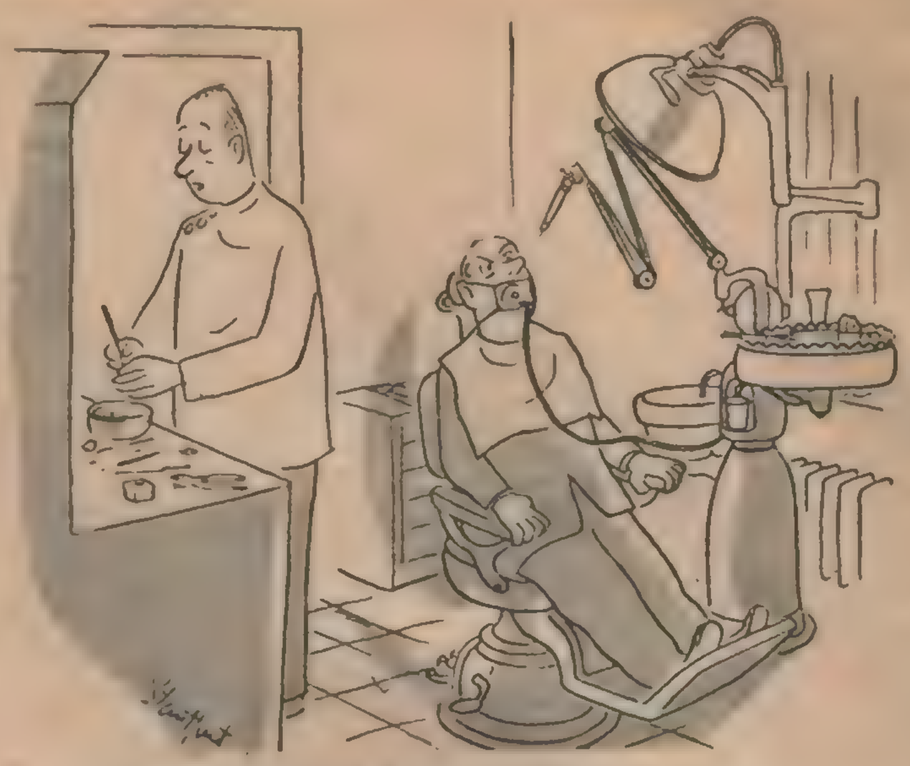

"Dum-dum-dee-di-de-tumm—Hum-de-di-dol . . ."

just men in the city. He will, I trust, spare Germany because of what we have done, and not destroy her. None of us can complain of his lot. Whoever joined the resistance movement, put on the shirt of Nessus. The worth of a man is certain only if he is prepared to sacrifice his life for his convictions."

The first trial opened on August 7 before the People's Court, presided over by the notorious Judge Roland Freisler, clever, mocking and brutal. It is satisfactory to record that a bomb demolished the court during the course of the trials and killed Freisler. Before that, however, he had already condemned many to death.

Field Marshal von Witzleben, General Hoeppner and six other officers were the first to appear. They were subjected to studied indignities. The field marshal, an elderly and distinguished man, was made to appear without collar or tie, his false teeth and braces were taken away, and every time he moved his hands his trousers began to fall down. The defendants were hanged after a two days' trial. The process of death was deliberately protracted and the executions were carefully filmed for Hitler, to whom the film was shown the same night in the Chancellery.

The secret police had already been looking for Karl Goerdeler before the bomb went off. He made his way from one hideout to another, hidden by friends. On August 1 the Gestapo offered a reward of a million marks for his capture. A few days later he was recognized in East Prussia by a woman who denounced him. He was executed at the beginning of February, 1945.

In Fear Of Arrest

One of the greatest trials was the uncertainty. Thousands who had been in no way involved in the actual plot of July 20 went in daily fear of arrest if one of those whom the Gestapo held for interrogation and torture should mention a name, or some chance conversation perhaps years before. The courage of the men and women who suffered in the cells of the Security Police prison on the Prinz Albrechtstrasse is beyond praise; with very few exceptions they held out in silence.

The Gestapo stopped at nothing in their efforts to learn more about the conspiracy. Men and women alike were beaten senseless, subjected to electric shocks, their hands and legs crushed, and the utmost refinements of cruelty practised on their broken bodies and exhausted nerves. The letters which were smuggled out in silence are noble expressions of an unconquerable spirit.

Early in March, 1945, Hans von Dohnanyi wrote to his wife, who had secretly sent him diphtheria bacilli with which he poisoned himself and brought on paralysis of the legs, thereby delaying his trial and execution for some time:

"Dearly beloved; Imagine how my heart beat when I found the red-topped beaker in the suitcase. At last, at last a few lines from your hand, the first for six months; a gift for which I have thanked God in my evening prayers. . . .

"Do not be angry with me, my sweet beloved, that I write of such ugly things; I do not think they will frighten you. You know how matters stand. You probably know even more than you want to admit, because you want to spare me. You need not—I have made the final reckoning with myself. . . .

"I believe there are few men who are so happy and rich as I am. Life and the many fates that I have seen solved in these last few months have taught me more than I ever knew before. Happiness is the riches of life, and you are my happiness!" What happened to Hans von Dohnanyi is not known: he did not survive.

Leaped From Window

Another prisoner, Kurt von Plettenberg, was threatened with torture unless he talked. He was left for twenty-four hours to make up his mind. When the time was up and he was taken to the torture chamber on the fourth floor of the prison, he felled his interrogator with a blow on the chin and leaped out of the window. He preferred suicide to betraying his friends.

Count Lehndorff was twice arrested by the Gestapo and twice escaped. The third time they caught him for good. Openly admitting the part he had played, he was condemned and executed. In his last letter to his wife he wrote:

"I have always had the impression that you were walking at my side, and this feeling will be with me to my last hour. You must always keep in mind that I have not wantonly destroyed your future, but that I have been serving an idea that does not, I believe, allow consideration for family or private interests. . . .

"The verse chosen on my Confirmation day shall lead me to the last: 'Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong.'"

As the investigations proceeded, the net was cast wider and wider. General Fromm, who had had Stauffenberg and Olbricht shot on the evening of July 20, did not escape the suspicious eye of the Gestapo. Despite his protests he was condemned by the People's Court for "cowardice," and shot on March 19, 1945.

Field Marshal von Kluge, who had refused to act in the west on July 20, was recalled by Hitler when he failed to stop the Allied breakthrough in France. Foreseeing what would happen, he took poison on the way back to Germany.

In the meantime, Rommel had slowly recovered from the wounds he had received in July. In August he was moved to his home at Herrlingen, near

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Ulm, and nursed back to health by his wife. He had not changed his mind about Hitler, and he knew that he was under close observation by the Security Police.

On October 7 he was summoned to see the Fuehrer. His doctors declared him unfit to travel: instead, two emissaries of Hitler's visited his home. They had a brief conversation, at the end of which Rommel went upstairs and told his wife: "I shall be a dead man in a quarter of an hour. Hitler has given me the choice of taking poison or appearing before the People's Court."

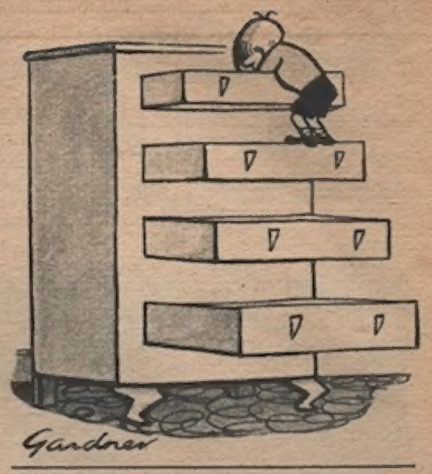
In the event of his choosing to commit suicide, Hitler offered him the promise that his wife and son would be untouched. There was only a minute or two to say farewell. Then the field marshal, picking up his marshal's baton, accompanied his two visitors in a closed car. The lanes and wood near his house were lined with armed S.S. men. On the way to Ulm, he had a sudden "heart attack." An autopsy was forbidden: the official announcement stated that Rommel had died from the effects of his accident.

Hitler could not admit that the most popular commander of the war had turned against him. A State funeral was ordered with full military honours. Field Marshal von Rundstedt attended to represent Hitler and was called upon to read the funeral oration. "Rommel's heart," he declared, "belonged to the Fuehrer."

A few months later Frau Rommel received a letter from one of Hitler's architects submitting suggestions for a memorial in the form of a stone lion, to be erected at the express order of the Fuehrer.

In public, elaborate measures were taken to conceal the split between the army and Hitler, its Commander-in-Chief. But in fact the humiliation of the army was complete.

On July 24 the Nazi salute was made compulsory for all the armed forces, and on July 29 the new Chief of Staff ordered all General Staff officers to co-operate actively in the indoctrination of the army with Nazi beliefs, and



publicly to affirm that they accepted this view of their duties. To make quite sure, Nazi political officers were now appointed to all military headquarters in imitation of the Soviet political commissars.

But the July 20 plot and its aftermath have a greater importance than the ending of that old position of independence which the German army had claimed and enjoyed, alike under the Kaiser and the Republic.

In the series of trials and executions which continued until the last days of the war, Hitler and Himmler systematically destroyed a great part of the alternative leadership to which the German nation might have looked after the war.

For Germany there was to be no future if the Nazis were defeated; many who had little or no connection with the conspiracy were put to death simply because they showed independence of mind and character.

It was Hitler's savage revenge on a people for whom in the end he had nothing but hatred, a revenge for which postwar Germany is still paying the price.

NEXT WEEK: Hitler's personal life, and his marriage and death in besieged Berlin

CECIL McGIVERN PUTS NEW LIFE INTO TV

Continued from page 9

of his life on that flight. "I'm never happy when I'm not in control," he once confided to a friend.

After the war, McGivern was unsettled. He resigned from the B.B.C. and joined Cineguild as a screenwriter. He worked with David Lean on *Great Expectations*. He also wrote the script of a twenty-five minute film, but it was sent back three times to rewrite. When it was finally shot and edited he discovered that exactly one half of one sentence of the dialogue and narration was his. It was not this experience, however, but what happened during the making of *Blanche Fury* that finally decided McGivern against film work.

He was sent to help Marc Allegret, the director, on the studio floor. "I was full of ideas and eager to pass them on." But Allegret asked him only three questions in four weeks: first he wanted to know where a certain West End cinema was, then he asked "Is there a lavatory nearer than the one in my office?" and finally, "How would you shoot this scene?"

Before McGivern had time to answer, Allegret walked away. McGivern thereupon walked out. A few weeks later, early in 1947, he was helped back into the B.B.C. by B. E. Nicholls, then Director of Home Broadcasting—and got the job of programme director in television.

The only television programme he had ever seen at this stage was a prewar fashion show, so while his film contract was running out he used to go into London from Pinewood every night to watch television in the viewing room at Broadcasting House. There on most nights was a producer named Michael Mills, who recognized McGivern as his new chief and introduced himself. After that, though they met nearly every night, they exchanged hardly a dozen words.

Says Mills: "I could see he was determined to make up his own mind about television, and wanted nobody else's notions to get in his way."

By the time he took over, McGivern had made up his mind about the improvements that were needed. It was then that he started turning the place upside down and working the clock round in the process. Today he is still a dedicated man. "These five and a half years," says a friend, "have cost him most of the pleasures of family life, culture and entertainment."

Not long ago, Philip Dorte, head of television films, had spent some time trying to confer with McGivern. Finally they met in a West End café one Saturday morning. Dorte suggested they might meet every Saturday. But McGivern shook his head. "I like to take my son out on Saturday mornings," he said. As it happened, Dorte had a point to raise with McGivern the following Saturday. "I guessed that, despite his intentions, he would be in his office at Lime Grove. He was."

"Don't Waste My Time"

On another occasion, McGivern went to Paris to meet people who might be useful to B.B.C. television, and Imlay Watts, who was arranging things, was given strict orders to see that he was not overworked. They crossed on the night ferry and Watts fixed one meeting for the following day. "Is that all we've got?" exclaimed McGivern.

Next day Watts made fifteen appointments — with French broadcasting chiefs, producers and celebrities. By three o'clock in the afternoon, McGivern was ready for the sixteenth, and told Watts: "You're not here to waste my time, you know."

For the third day Watts organized "the impossible figure" of thirty-three meetings. McGivern got through them all, then went sick. That night, when Watts went to his hotel to see him, McGivern was going through a stack of papers on his dressing-table. "It's all right," he explained. "It's my in-tray. I always bring it with me." THE END

THE DEEP FREEZE

Continued from page 11

the heat; to struggle back, voluntarily this time, from the appalling regions of icy darkness that had gaped open before me.

Something must have gone wrong. Garron would have watched the recorders carefully. He must have calculated how close I'd been to death and abandoned the experiment. I had failed, as I had failed before. I had been unequal to the demands, and Garron had sensed it.

My eyelids flickered. They stung and burnt at first and although I tried to open my eyes I could see nothing save the large, white, hot blur of light along the top of the case.

There seemed to be no need for action; no reason to do anything until the doctor chose to open the lid and explain the cause of the failure. He would be polite, I knew, attributing it to some technical fault; sparing me his contempt. But he would know, just as I knew, the real reason. I had been the weak link in the chain. There'd be no need to apologize.

Above me there was the distant noise of voices. The heavy lid was being raised and I was aware of movement. I still hardly dared open my eyes for the pain, and my ears were aching with the roar of blood through my head. But above it I could hear my name being called, curiously dismembered, curiously broken into slow syllables.

"Hall-or-an. Mist-er Hall-or-an, Mist-er Hall-or-an. . . ."

I felt hands at my ankles, unstrapping the bands. Hot hands, burning hot hands on my arms and wrists. I could feel them beneath my shoulders, gently lifting me, hurting me with their heat, bruising me with their roughness.

"Mist-er Hall-or-an, Hall-or-an. . . ."

I was lifted bodily from the case and laid on something soft. My aching limbs moved painfully into a position of relaxation, and I tried again to open my eyes.

This time I could make out the blurred shapes of figures. I searched quickly for Dr. Garron, for some recognizable face to materialize, but I could still see nothing distinctly. I made an effort to speak.

"Garron," I said, and the word sounded like the breaking of dry wood. "Doctor Garron."

I felt another hand at my wrist, a softer hand, like a nurse's.

"You must relax," said a voice. "Just try to relax."

I looked up at the blurred face above me.

"What happened?" I managed to say. "And where's Dr. Garron?"

There was a pause, and I felt the fingers tighten on my wrist.

"Dr. Garron," said the voice, "is dead."

I was suddenly frightened. "Dead? . . . Right at the beginning?"

There was another pause.

"Not at the beginning," said the voice. "He was able to observe the progress for the first twelve years."

"The first twelve——"

"He handed everything over before he died. Doctor Wilson is now in charge. You must try to relax. . . ."

I felt a sudden nausea, a giant giddiness spinning me into the air. There were other voices now. Other voices and other hands. Something soft and warm was placed over me.

"How long . . . ?" I managed to ask.

I wasn't sure if I heard the answer then, or whether it was some crazy voice in a dream that went on saying: "Fifty years, Mr. Halloran. You have been away for fifty years. You will find everything a great deal changed, Mr. Halloran, a great deal changed."

But I remembered thinking, with a sudden, unbelieving pang, that Carol, if she were still alive, would be nearly seventy-six. Too old for me . . . Carol was too old for me. THE END

FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

The photograph on page 26 is of Joe Loss as a child.

£1,000 COMPETITION PAGE—CASH & FOOD GALORE MUST BE WON!

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INSTRUCTIONS: First complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues on right. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one*, *two* or *three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

In adjudication all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.) and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.). Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated Jan. 10.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature indicates agreement to Rules.

ADDRESS ENTRY: Xword No. 817, "JOHN BULL," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

XWORD 812 RESULT

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Gold. 3, Pass. 6, Bath. 7, Ike. 9, Foes. 12, Ranter. 13, Pets. 14, Fort. DOWN: 1, Gold or Good. 2, Lists. 4, Stele. 5, Nide. 8, Foil. 10, Snow. 11, Dark.

TWO £100 SHARERS (entries differing at one point only from Competitors' Answers above): Miss E. M. Curtis, South Lambeth Road, S.W.8; L. Johnson, North Harrow, Middlesex.

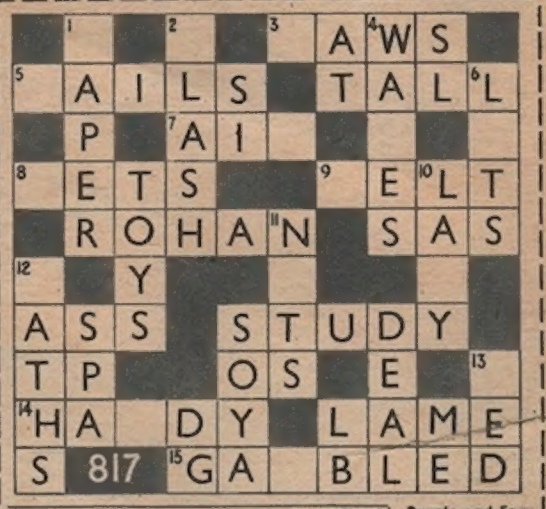
For entries differing at two points only, 11 entrants share awards value £25 for 1st Runners-up. Useful "Signpost" Prizes for 2nd Runners-up.

Across Clues XWORD 817

3. Vice requires strong, firm ones
5. These may mean tacks
7. We'd all be the better for having this of Father Christmas
8. These prove profitable with certain bankers
9. Father's punishment for incorrigible youngster should be this
14. It's an advantage to a wife for her husband to be this
15. Some men will artfully hedge should they find they've done this indiscreetly

Down Clues

1. A kiddy's comic one may possibly prove no laughing matter
2. You'll fairly often see oars do this at height of rowing season
4. Lots of Lancashire folk develop a liking for
6. What seaside landlady worries about when holiday season is poor
10. There are working men who object to a daughter being a little this
11. Disappointing if there's nothing in them
12. There are schoolboys who derive intense delight from
13. Having been this, a man may not rise so quickly as he might have done



CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

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XWORD 817

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THIRD PRIZE, £25 plus Turkey: R. J. Wood, 18 Cyprus Avenue, Johnstone: STEALTHY FOOTSTEPS—TIME'S—SUDDENLY, *I'm* SANTA!

OTHER AWARDS. £10: Mrs. B. Whysall, 51 The Great Whyte, Ramsey, Hunts: BY—THE LIGHT OF THE RATION-BOOK—BONFIRE, LET'S CELEBRATE CORONATION! £9: Mrs. K. M. Finnegan, 257 Bellenden Road, Peckham, S.E.15: TO THE LAST LAUGH—"JACKASS" MAN TREATING *Mars*? £8: W. Edwards, 11 Daltry Street, Hull: OPERATION PROSPERITY — "UPHILL" — AND ACROSS OCEANS. £7: E. G. Jones, 30 Sydney Road, West Ealing, W.13: STEALTHY FOOTSTEPS—AND DAD'S "CAPTURED"—BATHROOM! £6: N. Grosch, 22 Albert Terrace, Wolstanton, Stoke-on-Trent: SOMETHING LIKE A BRITON—NATURALIZED ALIEN WITH *Grouse*! £5: J. Hayes, 2 Eden Cottages, Bradley Lane, Frodsham, Warrington: TEAM OF EXPERTS — "SHOOT!" "PASS!" "HOLD IT!" £5: Mrs. E. R. Lisk, 19 Palmersfield Road, Banstead, Surrey: TEAM OF EXPERTS—*And* "GILBERT HARDING," GRANDPA! (Above winners also receive Turkey.) All other winners have been notified.

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Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* on right. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in merit order; test—cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are full rate. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not over 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank given.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests (in JOHN BULL, dated January 17), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See *Daily Herald* on Saturday, January 3 for early news of *Bullets* No. 1,865 result.)

NOTE. You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in the same envelope covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "Combined," top left-hand corner.

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We're Afraid
Winston's Team
Patience Is A Virtue, But
With A Gun
Man Who Thinks
Worshipped
Job That's Not Done
The Landlord
All The Time
Deadly Dull
Auntie's Slimming, So
Bit Of A Pantomime
A Smashing Blonde
Turned On The Heat
In Triplicate
Like A Stag At Bay
Framed
Shock For The Council

Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions

Grumbling About.....
To Those Who.....
The Plumber's.....
If It's Not.....
Ye Olde.....
Put Down The.....And

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